JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1965

3D EVERY THURSDAY

HEART BREAK HOUSE By The EDITOR

HEROES IN THE FAMILY

OUR BIG JOB OUT EAST by A.G.C.

THE SQUANDER BUG is always ready with suggestions for money-wasting. "Spend more," he urges, "buy it now! Amuse yourself!" Put off spending until your nest-egg will buy worthwhile goods at reasonable prices. Turn a deaf ear to his sales talk. Save regularly each week to buy

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THE VERY BEST THAT CAN BE BOUGHT TODAY

HARTLEY'S

The greatest name in jam-making

OVERHEARD IN A CAMP

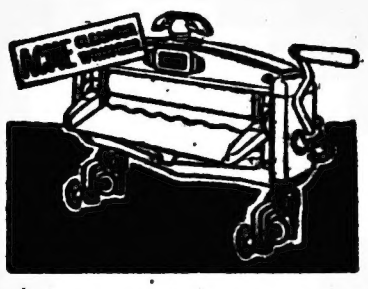
"... But how do you manage for wringing?"

"My dear, didn't *I* tell you. Our Q.M. store has an ★Acme and we're all allowed to use it. You've no idea how much energy it saves, and how crisp and clean my things come out."

"That's all very nice for *you*, but you know it's impossible to get Acmes for the duration."

"I know, but take my tip and put an Acme on your priority list of post war plans ....."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer (with rubber rollers) takes the thickest blankets as cheerfully as it takes your sheerest silks —and the patented Acme Cantilever Pressure system gives you extra cleansing power.*



FOOD FACTS

Who'd think you could make such DELICIOUS DISHES with leeks and swedes?

The fact that leeks and swedes will continue to be in good supply, even though other vegetables may get scarcer in your part of the world, isn't the only reason for eating them! Believe it or not, these familiar "veg's" can make delicious *main dishes*, simply by adding some *protein* food. (That's the body-building group that includes meat, fish, eggs and cheese.) Just try these two recipes on any man who can't face leeks or swedes "plain-boiled." He'll shout for more!

Try these vegetable hints

- Green vegetables taste twice as delicious cooked only 10 to 15 minutes in a *very little* fast-boiling water, with lid tightly on.
- Shred outer leaves of cabbage and use in soups or stews.
- Add grated raw swedes to your salads — they contain a valuable amount of Vitamin C.
- Remember that Vitamin C gets reduced by cooking — that's why raw vegetables are good for you.

FOR BEST RESULTS WITH SALT COD. If your fishmonger says it has not already been soaked, soak it for at least 24 hours, skin side up, if possible changing the water once or twice. Drain and rinse. Cut in convenient pieces, and bring slowly to the boil. Cook until tender (about 10 minutes), drain well and use as required.

Welsh Wonder

8 large leeks; 6 level tablespoons grated cheese; salt and pepper.

METHOD: Cut the leeks in half lengthways and wash well. Cook in a little salted water till tender. Drain well and keep the water for soup. Put the leeks in a greased baking-dish, season with salt and pepper and cover with the grated cheese. Put under the grill or in a hot oven to melt the cheese. (For 4 people.)

Swedish Casserole

1 lb. swedes, raw (sliced thinly); 1 medium-sized onion or leek (chopped); 1 small head celery (cut up); 2 teaspoons parsley (chopped); 3 oz. grated cheese; salt and pepper; 1 pint water; 1 oz. flour.

METHOD: Grease pie-dish, place alternate layers of swedes, onion or leek, and celery. Add parsley, cheese and seasoning. Pour in water, cover and cook in oven for 1½ hours. Blend flour with a little water, pour in and cook for 5 mins. before dishing up. (For 4 people.)

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

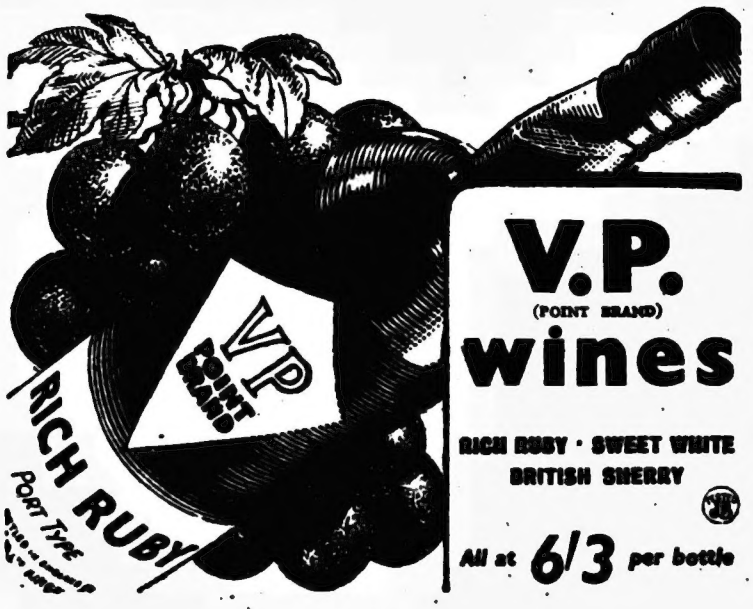
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 187

The Secret from the South

All the warmth of the southern sun on the vine slopes glows in every glass of V.P. wine (Point Brand) — the secret of its body and character. Produced in England, from Empire grown grapes, these wines, though no longer plentiful, have consistently kept up their quality and kept down their price.

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

STILL UP TO PRE-WAR STANDARD OF QUALITY



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RICH RUBY · SWEET WHITE
BRITISH SHERRY

All at 6/3 per bottle

—IT MUST BE

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

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Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA?

. . . We all need now that *extra* nourishment that Bournville gives.

Still only 9½d a half-pound tin — and no points.

MADE BY CADBURY

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 12, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

NO WALK-OVER

In all the monstrous history of war there has been no assault so shattering, so scientific, so awe-inspiring, as our present bombing offensive.

The peak of that effort has not yet been reached. It soon will be. Devastating developments are coming.

Battle of Berlin

Already the Battle of Berlin is nearing its end. It has engaged more than half a million of our men. It has cost us hundreds of magnificent aircraft as well as some of the best of our young men. And it has brought results that could have been obtained in no other way.

German and even some neutral speakers comment that the terrible destruction of Berlin will not succeed in breaking the people's morale."

No one in Britain thought it would. Nor was that the aim of Air Marshal Harris.

Blow to the Heart

Our bomber crews set out to deprive the enemy of the means to continue the war. They are destroying not merely the German capital but the heart of the German administrative, transport, and industrial system.

When that target is blotted from the map, there will be others. And this strategy is not without effect on the enemy's military system.

Side-Tracked

Nine hundred thousand of his troops are tied down in the Fatherland to anti-aircraft and searchlight duties. Nearly half the *Luftwaffe* fighter aircraft are stationed in Western Europe to meet the threat; few are now seen on the Russian and Italian fronts.

Which means that the German armies in the field are starved of air support.

High-Magnification

Incidentally, no doubt, our offensive is damaging civilian morale. Evidently it is to put new heart into the people of Berlin, Frankfort and Brunswick that Goebbels boasts of London being bombed by 750 'planes. Well, Londoners didn't care far from many of them.

But there are no signs yet that the spirits of the German soldier are sagging. There is not a sign that the Second Front will be either easy or quick.

Making Sure

To use a racing metaphor, the going will be heavy. The fighting will be hard. The operations will be the most dangerous and vastest that strategists could ever devise. But they will be successful. We have Montgomery's word for that. And, seeing the immensity of the preparations that have been made, we can believe him.

On the Defence

In every theatre of war the enemy is on the defensive—and losing it. Yet he continues to resist stubbornly, even savagely.

Italy provides a case in point. The German soldier there is showing not only high morale but clever resourcefulness. It is no discredit to him that he is losing to troops who are even more resourceful, even though their progress may seem slow.

Encircled

The same is true on the mightiest battlefront, Russia. The enemy there is not fighting badly. On the contrary, he is showing a desperate determination to stave off final disaster.

But the Russians have just that extra brains and brawn that must tip the scales.

The encirclement of a Nazi army in the south is a victory only second to that of Stalingrad. And in the north the prospects are spectacular.

Going West

The more so because the enemy camp is divided. Dietmar and some other German generals are so worried by the situation on the Eastern Front that they want all available reserves to be rushed there in the hope of averting disaster.

But a powerful section of the German High Command thinks that the worst danger is the coming Anglo-American invasion from the West.

Which will win? Well, reinforcements are already being sent to the Channel coasts!

Soviet Change

That is plainly to Russia's advantage. And she has created another for herself in the political-economic field by the sensational change in her constitution.

It should appeal not only to the Baltic countries but to the Balkan States. It should influence the policy of Finland.

Finally, it reinforces our demand that, before the war ends, the United Nations should pool their diplomatic ideas and prepare a really unified plan for peace.

Betrayed

Disunity in the Balkans continues to hamper both sides.

Bulgaria is torn on the issue whether to break away from Nazidom now or later. Men of twenty-one Bulgarian regiments who planned a revolt for peace were betrayed at the last moment and have been lodged in concentration camps.

In Greece and Yugoslavia partisans who should be fighting for freedom are still fighting against one another.

Civil War

France, too, is rapidly approaching civil war.

Pitched battles between civilians and Vichy police prove that patriotic Frenchmen do not regard Germany as their only enemy. A French speaker in London hinted last week that these friends of freedom will be armed in time for the Second Front; and there seems no reason to doubt that saboteurs in the Occupied Countries are directed by British experts dropped by 'plane.

Into the Open

But it is time our Government made up its mind to give immediate and substantial support to our militant friends in the Occupied Countries.

Why has it hesitated to come into the open?

Perhaps it is afraid to back "Revolution." Yet the alternative of Chaos will prove no safer in the long run!

U-Boats Again?

It would be wise to take for granted, also, a U-boat commander's remark. "We are coming back," he says. "There will be a new campaign against Allied shipping."

Next month may see its beginning. But Coastal Command and the Navy are not unprepared. We can imagine that their "bag" in recent weeks has been quite satisfactory, and we can feel confident that the U-boat will *not* prove so serious a weapon in the future as it did in the first three years of war.

Food Shortage

Even so, the food situation will be grim.

"A hard year" is forecast by Mr. Wickard, U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, and his survey provides another reason for not pinning our hope on an early enemy collapse.

He reports that Germany is better fed than at a comparable period of the last war; Japan has adequate supplies.

Doomed to Starve

Whereas millions of Russians face "actual starvation." There is famine in China. There is malnutrition throughout Western Europe.

In some lands the necessities of life are fetching fantastic prices. Thus, a pair of shoes in Yugoslavia costs £100, a suit twice as much.

Yes, UNRRA will have plenty to do in the coming year.

Talk About Gold

Other aspects of organising for peace are under discussion. A Soviet financial delegation is in Washington to consider the future of gold as a basis for a world currency system. More than thirty Governments have been in consultation on this thorny subject.

It should be easier for them to get together on quite a few matters that cannot be shelved without jeopardising all for which we are fighting.

Cartel Critics

Current criticism and defence of cartels, however, is so much beating the air. By their success, these monopolies prove they are ripe for national and international control—and control in the interests not only of the producer but of the consumer.

Let this be done. Let us scrap the policy of restriction in favour of full employment of all the earth's resources, and at one stroke we shall make an enormous advance towards economic sanity and prosperity for all!

He Doesn't Convince

Lord McGowan's insistence that there should be "no interference" with the administration of industry exposes his lack of vision.

We must "interfere" with any organisation that hinders the expansion of production. Never again should we tolerate scarcity in a world of plenty, poverty amid riches, and trade must be controlled accordingly.

Short-Term Houses

There has been hasty criticism, too, of the suggestions for building temporary houses to tide us over the shortage.

Certainly at first sight the plan seems objectionable. But on second thoughts the critics might realise that, however industry is organised, it would be impossible to build millions of permanent homes in a couple of years.

Many or Few?

Surely we had better have prefabricated houses by the hundred thousand than permanent ones by the score?

But two stipulations should be imposed:

The life of the "temporary" should be restricted to ten years. And it should be really habitable!

(Continued overleaf)

TAX MESS

● Trust Officialdom to spoil a grand idea!

Pay-as-You-Earn income tax system, welcomed by all, is now causing not only perplexity but resentment.

The coding notices being sent out are masterpieces of evasion and suppression. They give the taxpayer no details; they do not even tell him how much of his year's income will be claimed as tax.

And in countless cases he finds on inquiry that, although his income may be no higher than in the previous year, his tax assessment this year is much bigger.

There have indeed been so many mistakes, and so much uncertainty, that there will probably be more appeals than ever before, and inspectors are having to be sent to big business houses to deal with complaints.

What a waste of time, labour, paper and postage!

And it could all have been avoided by a simple form which really showed the taxpayer "where he stands."

GAS ATTACKS ARE STILL POSSIBLE

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P., in the House of Commons 27.1.44:

JOHN BULL offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire Guards, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Civil Defence Workers, etc., an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against AIR RAIDS, GAS ATTACKS, INVASION AND BOMBARDMENT, as well as COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

NOW that the Ministry of Labour is putting on its final man-power spurt, Mr. Bevin should issue a circular to all the Employment Exchanges and National Service Officers in the country.

It should be as blunt and to the point as Mr. Bevin himself. It should be a rude circular.

Small-Timers

Everyone responsible for the direction of labour should be told that there have been too many blunders; that it's no good having carefully thought out legislation if the whole object is ruined by petty administration.

Of all the annoyances and disillusionments of war time none has been so serious as the mix-ups caused by employees of the Ministry of Labour.

One Alone

We can understand employment exchanges making occasional blunders. Everyone does. But the National Service Officer at Greenock stuck to his blunder the other day.

He directed a young woman to be assistant to a housekeeper who was looking after one man.

She had normally to look after her sixty-seven-year-old father and brother. Both are on special war work and the father has to have a special diet.

Case Dismissed

Though these circumstances were made known the girl was ordered to appear before the Sheriff.

Fortunately, Sheriff Inglis, having heard the details, dismissed her with an admonition.

Help in the Home

In Parliament Mr. Bevin makes promises about supplying domestic help for the sick and infirm. His employment exchange managers don't seem to have heard what he says.

A delicate maid was taken from a semi-invalid, doing long, unpaid hours on war work. After two breakdowns in factory and hospital the maid was directed to work as a domestic servant.

Too Late

But the semi-invalid woman in the meantime became more seriously ill under the added strain. She got worse and died.

The maid is still doing domestic work. The country has lost a valuable life.

We know the facts because the invalid's husband used to write for JOHN BULL. It's a pity someone else did not get to know the facts—in time.

East is East—

These things have happened in Scotland. It's also in Scotland—in Glasgow—that unskilled men living in the extreme east end were directed to a war factory on the south-western border of the city.

—And West is West

Unemployed men were directed at the same time from the south-west of Glasgow to jobs in the east end. There are plenty of 'buses, trams and trains, of course. But they're busy enough without being taxed still further with this sort of nonsense.

A.R.P. Homework

Glasgow transport employees are not the only ones having extra work thrust on them. The wardens in Harrow have got something to say as well.

Mr. Morrison wants part-time wardens' duties cut down. The Harrow authorities want the men to have a busy time with bomb demonstrations, film shows, basic training lectures, fully manned posts (without stand-by relaxations), and "homework" in the shape of A.R.P. questions to be answered in a penny exercise book.

Why, Oh Why?

Why this passion among war time officials for little acts of dictatorship?

Why, for instance, should the Ministry of War Transport persistently refuse to allow the 'buses to stop in the centre of the Lancashire village between Bury and Bolton which the locals call Cockey Moor?

Not Asking Much

The only reason the authorities can suggest for their refusal is that time-honoured stand-by of the bureaucrat—"if we did it for you we'd have to do it for everyone else."

The villagers are not asking for a waste of petrol and rubber by arranging two stops. They're only asking that the 'bus should stop where the shops are and not a hundred yards or so beyond.

Ministry of War Transport? Ee, but it's gormless.

Ten Miles Too Much

Let's go back north to Scotland for a moment to see why a Perthshire reader does not think highly of the Transport people. He's a haulage contractor operating one vehicle. All his traffic has been on the 40-mile trip from Braco to Glasgow, or the 50 miles to Leith. He has been taking potatoes, grain and turnips and returning with feeding stuffs, fertilisers and such.

Out of Business

Now he has received notice from the local transport officer that he must not take goods more than 30 miles and that he must hand over his business for longer journeys to another firm.

As he's already been done out of his pre-war sideline—selling cattle food and grain—through Ministry of Food regulations, he expects to have to go out of business altogether.

Lord Mayor's Show

Sheffield City Council has decided to spend £1,340 on a new car for the Lord Mayor.

Which reminds three women war workers in the city that a huge Squanderbug was displayed outside the Town Hall during the "Wings for Victory" week. They think the creature must still be in residence.

£11 to Pay

Another money matter. . . . A farmer in the Ashby-de-la-Zouche district asked the authorities to rid his premises of rats. In due course the experts arrived and killed eighty. The bill was £11 10s.

As his place was still infested the farmer thought he'd have a shot himself. Two or three days afterwards he took along his terrier and caught 130 rats. There was no bill to pay.

Taking Second Best

At a Ministry of Works stores near London there are hundreds of cooking utensils—pots, pans, and kettles—destined for Service and Government use. Many of them are being condemned, discarded and sent to the scrap heap because of some small defect like a chip.

Many a housewife would be glad of some of these chipped pans. *We* can't be so fussy these days.

In the Fields

A pathetic letter has come this week from Mr. A. E. C. Blake, who lives at Halstead, Kent. Lives? Well, this is what he says:

"Last July our house was condemned and pulled down the day after my wife came out of hospital with a fortnight-old baby. I had to take her and our five other children to live in an old shed in the open fields.

"We'd got no fire; the rain poured in on us at night. The young baby died."

Parted from Children

The letter goes on: "The children are all being taken care of elsewhere now. But my wife and I are tired of being parted from them and of living in the fields. I am a discharged soldier, too ill to do any heavy work. Is there any way in which you can help us?"

The best help JOHN BULL can give is to print this story. Whatever happens it won't be ignored.

Poor Diagnosis

While we hear of experiences like that, there are still some who seem to think that poverty is always people's own fault. Dr. Irene B. M. Green, District M.O.H. to Walsingham Rural District Council, said the other day, according to a local report, that three-quarters of the shocking slum conditions in this country were due to the mental incompetence of the housewife.

Dr. Green is probably excellent at medical diagnosis; she's got a pretty feeble grasp on social ills.

Miles Away

Not long ago racing had to be postponed at several London dog tracks half an hour after many people had paid for admission. The normal practice is for patrons to keep their race cards and get in at a later meeting without paying another entrance fee.

But what about the thousands of Service men who are likely to be miles from London when their leave is up?

★ **TO AID U.N.R.R.A.**

Mary Agnes Craig McGeachy (Miss) is a Canadian who became Britain's first woman diplomat as First Secretary at the British Embassy in Washington. Now she's got a job with fine possibilities; she's to be responsible for part of the planning and organising of U.N.R.R.A.'s help for the aged and distressed in liberated countries.

"No Money Back"

Most probably the track authorities would refund entrance fees to members in uniform on request.

But there's no public announcement to this effect. On the contrary all the rules indicate "no money back in any circumstances."

On the Move

The greyhound people are no doubt ready to do the Forces a good turn whenever they can. Unlike some sporting photographers who are on the look-out to rob soldiers, sailors and airmen.

In one London area there is a photographer who dodges civilians. He tends to snap anyone in uniform and gets half-crowns sent in to his address outside London.

Trick that Works

He never delivers a picture. We suppose on the principle that Service men are constantly moving about the country he feels safe in assuming they will not pursue the matter. And so far he's been right.

If a civilian wants a photograph of the man usually finds he's run out of film. It's a dirty trick.

Getting in First

One more warning.

The radio rogue is busy. He comes to your house, asks if your set is working well. Quite often he hears that the battery is being charged at such and such a shop.

When you call for it the battery is gone.

Lesson in Figures

If you like statistics here are some figures with a moral—provided by the Directorate of Salvage and Recovery. They say that a bus ticket lost in one of Britain's 12,000,000 dust-bins means the loss of sufficient paper to make wheel covers for 1,000 Beaufighters.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Heavy German pressure to induce the Pope to withdraw from Rome and remain in German-occupied territory has proved a complete failure.**
- *Eisenhower, Tedder and Montgomery have completely revised Invasion plans. American and British forces will be so interlocked that it will be hard to tell where one begins and the other ends.*
- Eisenhower says there'll be trouble if any officer refers to his "opposite number" in "another Service"—for there is to be only one Service fighting for one purpose.
- **Probably about 250 U-boats were sunk last year. Navy and R.A.F. are squabbling for the honour of having sunk the most. As scores were about even, why worry?**
- *Britain's civil transport aircraft, the "York," is being built in Canada as well as here.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

IT is often said that "one man's vote is as good as another's." Don't you believe it!

In theory, Parliament is supposed to be fairly representative of the people. In practice, it isn't and never has been.

The scales of our democracy are weighted heavily in favour of Wealth, Big Business, and the Conservative Party.

That is why JOHN BULL welcomes the decision to set up another Speaker's Conference on electoral reform.

This is a matter which concerns us all. It touches our personal freedom. It may affect the future not only of these islands but of human society throughout the free world.

We simply must make certain of getting the Governments we deserve and desire.

M.P.s, sharply divided upon Party issues, are agreed upon the need to set their own House in order.

Some of them represent more than 150,000 electors, others are returned by fewer than 30,000. Obviously, therefore, there *must* be a fairer distribution of seats.

This was recognised by the last Speaker's Conference of twenty-five years ago; it is no less necessary now.

To group small constituencies together and to split up larger ones into two or more seats may cause much local heartburning. It may be difficult because of war conditions.

But it can be done. It does not involve any question of basic principle.

More serious, more important to the community, are some electoral methods which do involve these questions of principle.

JOHN BULL, *with no Party ties, objects to any one Party being given all the trumps by an obsolete system.*

And the Tories certainly hold the trumps.

Why? First, because the ancient two-Party system was broken up when Labour entered politics.

Liberalism is not dead. It still controls a vast many votes, most of which are wasted. Other minorities must also be reckoned with. And in most three-cornered contests the Conservative candidate tends to profit by a split in the progressive vote.

Thus, in the general election of 1929 a Conservative was returned for Cheshire, Northwich, because he headed the poll with 15,477 votes. A Liberal was second with 15,473—only four votes fewer—and the Labour candidate followed closely with 14,161!

So nearly two-thirds of the voters in this particular constituency were unrepresented in the 1929 Parliament.

MANY scores of similar cases cry "Shame" at the present Parliament—*for which, incidentally, no man or woman under twenty-one ever had a chance to vote!*

During the last seven general elections—from 1918 to 1935—the Tories have held an average of about 125 seats more than they were entitled to by the community's total vote!

Look a little closer at 1935, when the present peculiarly unrepresentative Parliament was elected.

Taking the total votes cast, an average of 40,000 was big enough to return a Government candidate. But it needed 59,000 to elect a Labour man and 69,000 to secure a seat for a Liberal.

Thus, the Chamberlain Government secured a complete majority of 235 votes in the House, whereas its voting strength in the country as a whole would have entitled it to a majority of only 41.

To sum up, the nation has been controlled for more than a quarter of a century by leaders who could not have retained their office safely but for the false weights in the electoral scales!

Mr. Herbert Morrison, introducing last week's debate, wisely did not prejudge the issues which the Speaker's Committee will have to consider.

But JOHN BULL agrees with speakers in the debate that one suggested "reform"—proportional representation—would result in the formation of many minority groups.

And that might lead, as did the somewhat similar French system, to a series of loose coalitions which make stable government impossible.

Provided, however, that some way be found to prevent the return of candidates who only represent a minority of the voting strength of their constituencies, we are content, like Mr. Morrison, to leave this matter to the free decision of Members themselves.

In regard to the double vote now enjoyed in respect of business premises and membership of certain universities, we are again opposed to any compromise.

No man or woman, rich or poor, should be allowed to cast more than one vote at any election.

The dual vote has always tended to support wealth and privilege. Even had it supported reform, it could never have been justified by any democratic principle.

As far as it is humanly possible, we must try to make "one man's vote as good as another's."

The doors of Westminster should be opened to every honest and capable candidate, whatever his personal income and social standing.

Rightly, therefore, the Speaker's Committee has been asked to consider such questions as the activities of outside agencies, the use of cars on polling day, the moral blackmail which compels Members to contribute heavily to local charities, and the whole cost of Parliamentary candidature.

Now, is it unfair to associate the Conservative Party with wealth, privilege, and Big Business?

Let the facts speak for themselves:

No fewer than forty-four Tory M.P.s out of every hundred are directors of public companies.

Among them they hold nearly 1,800 directorships on banking, railway, shipping, iron, steel, engineering, textile, electric, coal, oil, tobacco and food concerns.

Of 300 Conservative M.P.s in this Parliament, 240 inherited wealth; 125 are old Etonians or Harrovians, and 154 came from other public schools.

There is not a single "working man"—in the ordinary sense of the words—sitting to-day as a Tory M.P.

And of our Conservative Ministers, two are Dukes, and the rest, with only one exception, are connected with Big Business or the aristocracy.

JOHN BULL is not eager to stress class prejudice or social distinction. All that we want is to secure the truly representative Government of our world-influential democracy.

The time to plan for this vital change-over from obsolete methods and antiquated traditions is *now*. And all of us who value our votes should combine to make certain that they are given a fair and equal value in the momentous days to come.

Grandmothers of Eighty for A.R.P.?

POWER seems to have gone to the heads of some A.R.P. chiefs.

They are calling up women in the fifties for Civil Defence duties even in cases where hardship is likely to result.

One inevitable result is an indefensible anomaly.

For part-time work in the National Fire Service, no woman over the age of forty-five can be compulsorily enrolled. But there is nothing in law to prevent a grandmother of eighty being compulsorily called up for part-time Civil Defence duties!

★ ★ ★

At Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, women over fifty years of age—engaged on full-time employment during the day, and with domestic duties in addition—are being conscripted for part-time Civil Defence work. Already this is causing some women to break down in health.

Let me tell you about a local postmistress. She's over fifty. Apart from her business duties, which keep her occupied from 9 a.m. until 6.45 p.m., she has to run her home, look after twenty-six head of poultry and a large garden in which—acting on Government instructions — she grows food.

Overworked, most people would say. But officialdom thinks she hasn't enough to do in her "spare" time.

So she has now to do Report and Control Room work for the Civil Defence Service, for a night twelve hours long, once a week!

Having signed off from this inordinately long duty at eight in the morning, she has to journey two miles home, sit down to a hasty breakfast, do what little she can of her household duties and be ready to carry on with her post office duties at 9 a.m.!

If her health fails because of this new strain imposed on her, she will be in danger of losing her only means of livelihood. But officialdom doesn't care.

★ ★ ★

In the same district is a woman of fifty-two who works from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., with a short break in the middle of the day, for seven days a week. Moreover, she has to keep a home going, do her shopping when she can, and battle against ill-health.

She is a little luckier than the postmistress, for she has to do two hours' night duty twice a week at a first-aid post.

As she knows nothing of first-aid, she may prove more of a liability than an aid in an emergency. However, she is expected to pass examinations!

★ ★ ★

Obviously, these middle-aged women are doing a full and necessary job in addition to their household duties. Are they to be harassed by being called up for Civil Defence night work?

Frinton's local council recently went into secret session to debate whether a fried fish shop should be allowed to open in this select "resort." It would be more important, surely, if a not-so-secret meeting discussed the plight of some of the town's called-up women!

No doubt there are difficulties in organising Civil Defence services in this town as in others. But it is to be hoped that younger and less busy women have all been mobilised.

One final word: Let up hope, too, that the Frinton example isn't followed anywhere else!

H. F.

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD,

Leader of the Labour Party

MY DEAR MR. GREENWOOD,—All of us at times have our own visions of Utopia—the worlds we would build if we had our way These day-dreams are futile, mental opiates that cloud more practical issues. But you have drawn for the women of Britain, especially the mothers, a picture of a new world which after the war will become a reality.

It is a world of ideal homes with gardens, of airy, sunlit schools, of centres of mental and physical healing where injured workers are made fit again; a world, in your own words, where "the child born in Peckham shall have the same opportunities as the child born in Mayfair."

You told women at a London rally that the upward march of the common people was nothing to do with class-consciousness; that it has to do with common humanity.

Your vision will stir to activity the cynics and the scoffers. How, they will demand, are we to attain this shining new world?

Anticipating them, you gave the answer: "Never before have the ordinary people had the chance they have now of exercising their influence. The workers have made victory possible. Think well," you told your women listeners, "before you vote."

I believe that the only factors that can prevent the building of the Britain Beautiful are the apathy and addled thinking of our electoral masses. In the past they have never, as a whole, used the vote intelligently.

They have been misled, subjugated, cheated and betrayed, time after time. They have swallowed hook, line and sinker specious promises and seen those promises broken casually and contemptuously.

They have been swayed by political claptrap, been stirred by political demagogues and yielded themselves as hostages to political fortune. And having done these things, they wonder why the same old order burdens their lives.

It may well be that in the near future the light of true social reform will break through and scatter the clouds of political darkness. Not until the light is revealed and understood by the millions of little men and women who are Britain can we hope to see the new world take shape.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rev. A. D. SOMERSET WARD,

Vicar of Broxted, near Dunmow

DEAR SIR,—Your refusal to restart children's services on the grounds that "the great majority of Sunday schools do more harm than good," mystifies me.

I can appreciate your statement that "what the children hear and do on Sunday are entirely unrelated to what happens during the rest of the week in their homes, and this leads them to look upon the Church as an optional extra for those who like it."

This is dangerous and dogmatic doctrine.

If Sunday schools do harm because children are denied religious inspiration in their homes; then, logically, so do the Church services. For who would assent truthfully that those who attend churches on Sunday all carry the principles of Christianity into their activities during the rest of the week?

It is true that many parents utterly lacking in religous beliefs, pack off their children to Sunday schools so that they may snatch an hour or two's quiet on their day of rest. Parents, not Sunday schools, should be blamed for this hypocrisy.

Sunday schools, run in the main by good-hearted self-sacrificing people, have, or should have, an important part in the moulding of our young people.

Criticism of the system doesn't help to improve matters. And I like to believe that when Christ said "Suffer little children to come unto me," He sent out a message to all who have at heart the interests of Sunday schools.—JOHN BULL.

Lord ILIFFE,

Chairman, Red Cross and St. John Fund

MY LORD,—In the light of greater events the magnificent achievement of raising more than £30,000,000 for your fund has received far less praise and publicity than it merits.

The money has poured in from mansions and poor homes. Rich men have sent big cheques; coppers collected under the Penny-a-Week scheme—what a brainwave that was—come from factories, offices and homes throughout the country.

Every man and woman who has furthered the interests of the fund must share the credit for the work it is able to do. And every prisoner of war whose life has been saved by the splendid organisation you control is living testimony to the worth of that work.—JOHN BULL.

Sir RICHARD ACLAND, M.P.,

Leader of Commonwealth Party

DEAR SIR RICHARD,—By giving to the National Trust your two estates of 16,000 acres you have certainly put the cat among the landed gentry pigeons. You handed over the estates because "it is your growing conviction . . . that the private ownership of large properties of all kinds is impeding the Christian and economic development of our country."

This gesture, coming from a man of ancient and distinguished lineage—you are the 15th baronet—is one which will puzzle not only your political opponents, but many of your property-owning friends.

You set aside centuries of land-owning tradition; you give away a great heritage. And you sound a clarion which will react formidably in the minds of those who will defend their vast possessions to the last ditch.—JOHN BULL.

The DUKE of SUTHERLAND,

British Film Institute

YOUR GRACE,—Emphatically I a... I, too, am tired of the dog-in-the-m... attitude towards films adopted "by ... of the leaders of public opinion."

Of course, these carping Jeremiah... not lead public opinion. They follo... —a long way behind.

And, as you say, after attacking ... films they have to admit that th... never seen a talking picture.

There were crime and ju... naughtiness and moral laxity long b... the films were invented. And ... more of them!

Indeed, the effect of films on ... behaviour has been grossly exagger... Naturally, we want the cinema to b... agent of good; we want the bes... cleanest pictures that can be prod... but we shall not get them merel... cause a few gloomy bishops regar... entertainment as sinful.

One more point: Should we not t... educate cinema owners as well a... Jeremiahs?

I ask because the splendid Russian ... films now available cannot be see... the general public. Exhibitors refu... book them, apparently feeling that ... public doesn't want realistic ... "Desert Victory" should surely ... taught them that the British peopl... not afraid of facing the facts of ... JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. HOPKINSON, M.P.,

Mossley, Independent

DEAR SIR,—In a recent speech in ... House of Commons you voiced ... opinion which unhappily is spread... this country.

Attacking acquaintances whom ... described as "some of the worst g... infesting the body politic at the p... time," you declared: "There is ... ciable defeatism in this country, b... potential defeatists are those ... making a good thing out of the w...

The charge you make is one d... to prove. The mind revolts ... thought that there are men so sel... utterly bereft of humanity and soul ... they regard war only in terms of ... and not in terms of misery, hunger, ... fering and degradation.

Unhappily—I repeat the w... suspicion that such callous ... grabbers are piling up fortunes ... war's wastage is at the back of ... minds.

It is a suspicion fraught with ... not only to the war effort, but ... whole of our social structure. ... you are wrong.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

Appeal to a Doughboy

DEAR DOUGHBOY,—One day last week in a certain public-house in the Strand you went up to the bar and ordered drinks.

Nothing unusual in that, I know; because most soldiers with money to burn find their way to a pub.

But when you ordered five double whiskies and five "chasers" of beer you produced a £5 note to pay for the drinks. You had a sergeant's stripes up and you looked about twenty-two.

Now, I don't mind you lads having fivers to spend.

I know that many of you after three months' intense training in isolated parts of Britain draw, when you go on leave, what would appear to be fabulous sums to our soldiers.

★ ★ ★

I remember seeing one U.S. private produce a wad of about £150 from his tunic pocket when he ordered drinks round a bar.

Neither am I concerned whether or not you are overpaid. The American nation is richer than the British nation and sees fit to assess your service at a higher value than we put, financially, on the service of our fighting men.

But what I do object to is the way you wasted your money in that Strand bar. When you and your friends departed you left behind you on a table ten untouched glasses of beer and at least three whiskies.

Nothing to do with me, you say? And why should I beef about it?

I'll tell you. And please forgive me if I write frankly.

I happened to notice the reaction of two British soldiers to that wasteful interlude of yours. The drinks you left behind would have cost each of them nearly a week's pay.

They'll tell other men in their units about the way you burn up your money. And they'll help to spread that antipathy which U.S. fighting men like yourselves create.

There was something like contempt in the way you stuffed £1 notes into your pocket. There was an unspoken challenge in the way you bought the drinks.

Buddy, we may be poor comparatively. It takes most people all their time to buy drinks nowadays, let alone waste them. And because we are carrying a terrific burden of taxation, saving for the war effort, and paying inflated prices for non-essential goods, we don't like to be treated as poor relations.

Don't take this too much to heart. You are young and thoughtless, and young men thousands of miles from home and provided with lots of money are apt to do foolish things.

★ ★ ★

Next time you're on leave remember you're the guest of a nation that has been fighting for four and a half years.

Remember, too, that we're glad and proud to be your hosts, and that, so long as you are here, you'll find friendship and gratitude.

But don't be a fool with your money. That folly hurts us.

Out With The Navy—3

By MAURICE FAGENCE

Men Never Sleep in E-Boat Alley

THE Battle of the North Sea is a battle without end.

It has its lulls. What battle hasn't?

Perhaps the seas run too high for the fast, quick-hitting but not too seaworthy E-boats which have been the enemy's main hope in these waters since we made them too hot for their destroyers.

Or the weather is too crystal clear for their foxing tactics—and the E-boats have either to fox or stay in port.

Or maybe the E-boats have put out and been spotted either by British ships or aircraft, in which case—knowing what sort of reception they generally get—they can usually be relied on to show a clean pair of heels.

But these lulls never last long.

The day or night comes when our M.T.B.s, which are the British equivalent of the E-boats, set on them and beat them up in their own waters.

Or intercept them on the way to those sea-lines where our convoys, life-blood of our war effort, must pass in safety.

Or when our corvettes, bigger and slower brothers of the motor torpedo-boats, catch them in the act of dropping mines in the path of the convoys, or laying in wait for our merchantmen—or even a humble trawler.

Little but Tough

Then there always result such battles as navies used to fight in Nelson's days, with ships sailing on a parallel course and firing salvoes at each other, and sometimes sweeping round to crash their bows through the thin sides of the enemy.

Real death or glory stuff—and at high speed.

Every week or so you get such brushes, and the results have always been more than creditable to British men and ships.

I have just been out to sea with Britain's little fighting ships.

"We can't guarantee you an action," said the Admiralty, and indeed there was *not* one.

For a gale was already blowing up when I reached the quayside of a harbour filled with little ships, and high seas are the enemy of the little ships, both British and German alike.

I was glad to be able to bawl back "NO-O-O-O" to the two sailors who rowed up energetically and shouted raucously to me: "Hi, mate, *are you the diver?*"

The naval officer with me looked ruefully at sky and sea.

"I think you'd better go in a corvette," he said. "You'll at least see something. You'd see little in an M.T.B. in this weather—and it's a hundred to one against the E-boats putting to sea at all."

So a corvette it was—one of the many waiting to put to sea at a moment's notice.

She was a beautiful-looking ship, with knife-edge bows, and so narrow across the decks that her sleekness would make a greyhound look podgy!

Bright on her fresh paint she bore the name of the town that had "adopted" her—a town populated largely by wealthy retired people.

No Space Wasted

An undeserved compliment, for not a single book or comfort has that town contributed to the ship it has adopted. It has written telling the captain from which charities such things can be got, but that—apart from regular and treasured letters received from the little girl guides of the place—is all.

Eighty men have to be crowded on to that little ship which looks as if she were designed to carry twenty. You can't sail her and fight her with fewer.

It's a real squeeze which just can't be helped.

But if a certain Mayor and Corporation could sail in her for just one day I am sure that leisure hours aboard her would become happier.

There was a perceptible stir when the captain—a young and athletic-looking Lieutenant-Commander, R.N.V.R.—came on board.

He had turned to good account his few days ashore by getting married, and there was noticeable disappointment at the fact that Nobody Had Come to See Him Off.

It was not a question of inquisitiveness.

There is something between man and man on the little ships which doesn't detract from discipline in the slightest. I am sure every sailor on that corvette looked on the skipper's wedding as something of a family affair.

He took me on a quick run round the ship, his pride in which was immense.

Getting down to the ward-room was largely a matter of pushing your lower half through a manhole cover and groping with your feet for a vertical steel ladder.

And so you reached a space about half as big as the lower deck of a bus, which has to be home-from-home for the ship's eight officers.

But as officers and men have all to be at action stations through every hour of darkness, and at least one man out of two is on duty throughout the day hours, they found it space enough.

I had to do a lot of this manhole, groping business to get from place to place on this ship.

It is submarine practice, and enables designers to achieve amazing economy in the utilisation of space.

To reach the engine-room I had to pass through two such manholes, with an airlock between them. A system of signals makes it pretty well impossible for the two covers to be open at once.

Difficult Job

If they were, the raging flames from the oil jets might seek an easier way to the fresh air above-decks than the one arranged for them.

They would then probably blow back into the engine-room in a torrent of flame which would give little chance of survival to the stokers.

These bowels of the ship were packed with machinery from end to end I have never seen so much moving metal compressed into so small space.

The room was unbearably hot, for the jets were already hissing oil into the white-hot furnaces.

But that was as nothing compared with the temperature when I visited the place at a time when the ship was making high speed in a raging sea with every hole and crevice that might exude light blacked out.

I have never known such heat as that—even in the tropics on the hottest day of the year.

Yet the men whistled and were happy.

"Left alone, they are wonderful workers," said the captain. "You can roll from end to end of that room in a panama suit and not pick up oil.

"That's pride of ship, for no men alive are worried less. I just don't believe in worrying them."

That skipper had his own code of conduct towards his men—an excellent one.

For instance, within five minutes of my introduction he wanted to make sure that I would be "getting round plenty" during the voyage, and spending a lot of time on deck.

He was pleased to know that was my intention. "These men do a difficult job, and it isn't fair to let them see other people taking things easy," he said.

Of the actual voyage I can write little.

As the wind reached gale force it became pretty obvious that we wouldn't contact the enemy.

While there was still a possibility that we might be searched behind every one of the buoys so plentifully littered through the war time North Sea to mark wrecks and swept passages.

Hiding behind those is one of his favourite tricks—not always to send a torpedo at one of our ships and then race hell-for-leather for home.

Killers in Half-Light

His object is sometimes to lay mines dead in the path of an approaching convoy and then disappear without being seen.

And we were especially alert in the half-light that precedes dusk and follows dawn.

This is the moment the E-boat often chooses for attack. You never know when he is going to come skidding out of the mist at 35 knots to strike quick and hard, and then run away at the same lightning speed.

Soon we knew we were just patrolling and waiting for the weather to improve, but our day and night watch was not relaxed.

One night we dropped anchor. As we rolled and pitched at the end of a cable I began to think about my boasts of never being seasick.

The weather worsened next day.

Then at midnight we received our recall message—and set our course for port.

Not joyfully, because these men hate to be taken off a job before it is finished.

"Sorry it has been a wasted trip," said the captain.

Wasted? This is the vigilance that keeps the enemy away from our doors.

And it never relaxes. That's why you sleep safely in your beds.

Night and day, the corvette men are always alert

War is Trivial to Them

IN the basement of a building in Washington you would see hard at work, if you chose to look in any day, a handful of men who would like to break the British blockade in order to get consignments into Germany.

To do these men justice, they would be just as anxious to break any German blockade of Britain.

★ ★ ★

Or, for the matter of that, an American blockade of Japan!

And the reason why patriotism means so little to them?

They distribute scientific knowledge.

The consignments they deal in are books, and they regard wars as trivial matters—except for their consequent irritating blockades, which apply a brake on the progress of pure knowledge.

Working in that Washington basement, they are recognised as representatives of the semi-official agency known as International Exchanges, which has performed its tasks under the wing of the Smithsonian Institution since 1847, during which period it has broken blockades in many, many wars.

To take only one instance, in World War I, the agency made numerous attempts to run the British blockade in order to replenish German libraries—and, mark you, in no spirit of treachery.

In this way, however, they do everything short of delivering the goods to the enemy!

They content themselves—under protest!—with making a steady collection of the most important government and scientific publications for shipment to scientists in Germany and Japan directly hostilities cease.

And it won't be a one-way traffic!

The scientists of Germany and Japan are making similar collections ready for immediate post-war delivery to Britain and America.

Meanwhile, International Exchanges still manage to get consignments through to the United Nations, defying the dangers of war time shipping routes to do it.

So much is their work appreciated, for instance, that the nameless men in the Washington basement were among the first to hear officially that the siege of Leningrad had been lifted.

They received the news in a special message from the Soviet Embassy in Washington, and immediately dispatched an important consignment of scientific documents to the Leningrad Academy of Sciences!

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Other consignments have run the gauntlet of Japanese 'planes and warships to reach Australia and New Zealand, for nothing seems able to stop this organisation from achieving its avowed object—"the diffusing of knowledge among men."

They will tell you that they are fulfilling a task more important even than that of the combined war councils of the fighting nations!

And who shall say their opinion is at fault?

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ Like their fathers and grandfathers before them, young soldiers, sailors and airmen of the British Commonwealth carry on the tradition of courage born in battles long ago

Heroes in the Family

By MARK PRIESTLEY

Descendants of former great fighters fly Mosquitos in the night

MRS. CUNNINGHAM used to worry as the Gothas swung northwards into London, drumming over her baby's cradle.

Zoom . . . zoom . . . zoom.

Maybe she dreamed that after the war another baby's childhood could be utterly peaceful.

That was in 1917. . . .

To-day her first baby is famous as 1944's night-fighter ace, Wing-Commander John Cunningham, D.S.O. *and* bar, D.F.C. *and* bar.

Only the other night, streaking through the sky in his Mosquito, he shot down a fast Me. 410 fighter-bomber—and notched up his nineteenth victim.

He has bagged three Heinkels in a night. He has secured two in a sortie. He has brought 'em down at 50 below freezing.

And now his young brother, Captain Bill Cunningham, of the Royal Marines, has gained the D.S.O. for distinguished gallantry in action. . . .

It's in the family!

Remember Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, the first man to fly the Pacific from America to Australia? His nephew, aged twenty-four, is now the youngest commander of our bomber fleets—and recently led the first Aussie bomber operation against Berlin.

VALOUR IN THE BLOOD

What's more, Wing-Commander Rollo Kingsford-Smith is one of three brothers. One was among the first Aussie air trainees to arrive here and helped to soften the French invasion coast. The other is giving it to the Japs in New Guinea.

Time and again the familiar ring of a name in the news renews the proof of a fighting family.

Commander Jellicoe, nephew of the famous admiral, has twice had his ship sunk from under him. He was always the last man to leave. Third Officer Lionel Cook was sucked under by his sinking ship in mid-Atlantic and thought he was finished.

Then he bobbed up, rescued an injured boy and won the M.B.E. His brother, a flight-sergeant, baled out over Germany and was at large a week before being captured. His father was a Dunkirk D.S.C.

Valour is in their blood. . . .

No one in his home village of Thatcham was surprised when Major Victor Buller Turner won the V.C. after an amazing stand-up battle against German tanks in a minefield.

Seriously wounded, refusing even to have his wound dressed, Major Turner went from group to group of his men, inspiring and encouraging them through two days of hell. Fifty-five out of ninety German tanks were destroyed.

"Naturally," said Thatcham folk. "He takes after his brother."

And they remembered how Alex Buller Turner had won the V.C. at the Battle of Loos and talked of another brother who'd won the V.C.

Pilots at a Canadian fighter station in the north-east were puzzled when a twenty-year-old newcomer whom they'd nicknamed "Hairless Joe" turned out to be Billy Bishop.

"But surely," one of them asked, "you can't be the Billy Bishop who destroyed seventy-two of the enemy?"

"No," said Pilot Officer Billy Bishop. "That was the last war. That was my father."

FIVE SONS

Three years younger than his father was when he started to fly, Billy Bishop, Jun., pilots a Spitfire.

Then there's the confusion that constantly occurs between the indistinguishable Lee twins—Melvin and Dewey—both flying Sunderlands in the Battle of the Atlantic, both with the same R.C.A.F. squadron and both flying—and fighting—in almost identical fashion.

Both were peace time flyers in England. Both flew thousands of miles in Canada previously as charter pilots. Each has recorded 2,000 operational hours.

Training in Canada, a visiting board was twice baffled by Melvin, insisting that the officer they had grilled on a previous visit had been Dewey.

But it's all in the family!

Thirty years ago the British cruiser *Good Hope* was sunk by the cruiser *Scharnhorst* and Petty Officer William Young went down with her.

It was a family affair when his son, Telegraphist Sid Young, helped to sink the battleship *Scharnhorst* from the destroyer *Savage*.

A family affair, too, for Percy Turner—a mining engineer—when the steamer *Valdivia* met disaster. With inborn intrepidity he quelled a panic and assisted the women and children to the boats. Then he joined the captain on the bridge—and was the last passenger to quit the ship.

His father was Captain William Turner, hero of the *Lusitania*.

Then look at the D.S.O. Donaldsons. Their father died in the last war. In this one the three Donaldson brothers have each won the D.S.O. and A.F.C.

The eldest, Squadron-Leader John Donaldson, won his D.S.O. when leading a Gladiator squadron operating from a frozen lake in Norway. He was lost in the sinking of H.M.S. *Glorious*. The second brother won his D.S.O. whilst leading a Hurricane squadron at Dunkirk.

During those early days, Arthur, the third brother, was at the Central Flying School, training instructors but trying hard to get on to "ops."

Since then he has led the Malta fighter wing that destroyed fifty-one Nazis in four days without loss.

He has had his flying helmet burst open by an exploding shell. He has crashlanded a petrol-leaking Spitfire on to an airfield carpeted with flaming incendiaries.

And he still goes up.

"My boys were born to be fighters," their mother says.

And one more story. It concerns neither the Fighting Webbs of Heacham, who fought against Napoleon as they fight against Hitler, nor the Flying Barnwells, the gallant trio who have given their lives in the R.A.F. Nor need I tell of the three sons of Lady MacRobert, or the Fighting Malans. How a Waaf, the mother of the famous South African air ace, now has five sons in the Forces.

But in the Punjab, one hundred years ago, a young Sikh captain, Milkha Singh, attracted notice for his bearing and bravery against the British. At Sobraon he was in command of the depleted force which held its ground till half were killed.

When the Punjab was annexed to the Indian Empire, Milkha Singh's two sons fought in turn—for the British. And both died in battle. . . .

The scene now is the Arakan front. The British thrust is halted by stiff Jap opposition. On the bullet-swept beach two carriers lie out of action. The Japs start to rush them.

INDIAN V.C.

An obscure young soldier races them to it in a carrier, driving and manning the guns. He brings back the stranded crews. A little later he repeats the feat, towing back two carriers and their crews through murderous fire.

For bravery and devotion to duty he is awarded the V.C. His name is Parkash Singh.

He is the direct descendant of the grand old man, Milkha Singh, of a century ago.

Ou

By A. G. GARDINER

IN giving priority to Hitler as Enemy No. Allied strategy has been profound right. It has been right because the are not two wars, but one war.

Victory over Tojo and failure again Hitler would mean that the war was lo Victory over Hitler would mean that the w was won, for then the "mopping up" of To would "follow as the night the day."

The treachery of Pearl Harbour was gamble to relieve the pressure on Germa It seemed a good gamble at first, and t temptation to the Allies to fall into the A trap was great.

But it was resisted. Even when t whole Pacific was overrun and when In and Australia seemed in the direst peril strategy never wavered. The defeat Enemy No. 1 remained its supreme objecti

* * *

But this concentration on the chief t has not implied neglect of Enemy No. 2. S less has it implied indifference to the urge of the Pacific phase of the war.

If such indifference had prevailed would have been swept away by the revel tions which have in the past weeks sent wave of horror throughout the civilised wo

The fact of the full disclosure now is t measure of its horror. For it means that hope of stopping these barbarities by means but that of exposure has been abo doned.

It may be doubted whether even the m uncompromising exposure will have eff upon monsters capable of these fiend atrocities.

French Patriots

Marcel Deat

AS the hour draws near the position inside France becomes more and more obscure.

The British and the Americans do not realise that the French patriots have to fight not only the *Gestapo* and Vichy but a number of powerful industrialists who have turned coat.

While the battle between the collaborators of Paris and the men of Vichy grows in intensity, the editor Deat links his fate with his German allies.

He attacks Pétain and Laval as traitors, denounces them as Communists and "Gaullists."

Ostensibly these men of Vichy are as silent as the grave. But backstage they are striving to rebuild the bridges for the road to a cosy retreat.

About this, the Paris traitors do not lie when they maintain that the men of Vichy scheme to combine

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Big Job Out East

But even at the cost of adding to the sorrows of multitudes of homes the attempt had to be made. Silence could no longer be kept about a crime which in magnitude and horror exceeds anything in human annals.

* * *

But the most universal feeling created by the revelations is the urgency of retribution. If anything can cause the Japanese to alleviate the lot of the hundreds of thousands of unhappy victims still in their hands it is the certainty of their defeat, and the fear that that certainty will bring.

So far that conviction has not seized the Japanese mind. It is still intoxicated with its incredible achievements in 1942.

It still nurses its infantile faith that its "mission" is to conquer the earth. And it has not yet felt a tithe of the might that will ultimately overwhelm it.

It is difficult to imagine that Tojo is under these illusions any longer. He knows that the tide of the war has turned against him as surely as it has turned against Hitler.

Like Hitler, he gambled on a lightning war, and like Hitler he failed. Even more than Hitler he sowed the seeds of his destruction by the extravagance of his early successes.

He scattered his resources over a thousand islands, over a vast ocean, over half a continent.

He was victorious wherever he went, for his treachery had caught the enemy asleep and he threw into the struggle everything that he had. If the world could be taken by storm, he might have taken it.

* * *

But the lesson of the ages is that the world cannot be taken by storm. In the end the world-beaters are always beaten. And when Tojo's lightning had played itself out the cold realities of war began to take command.

They were slow in asserting themselves because the Allies wisely refused to be diverted from their main quarry.

The task of dealing with Tojo fell chiefly to America, but Roosevelt saw, in his own phrase, that this was a "global war" and that Tojo had to be beaten in Europe before he was beaten in the Pacific.

That was a great decision, difficult for Roosevelt to make in face of the fact that Japan and not Germany is Enemy No. 1 to the Americans.

The effect of that decision was that only one American fist was free to deal with Tojo. The other was reserved for Hitler. But, in collaboration with China and our own resources, that one fist was enough.

It was enough, not to knock Tojo out of the ring speedily, but to bring him to a halt, and, slowly, remorselessly, to wear him down.

That is what has been done. If we were not so preoccupied with the vaster business nearer home we should see in the Pacific War the most picturesque and thrilling military operation in history.

What we are witnessing is a mighty enveloping movement that is closing in on Tokyo.

Tokyo, it is true, is still far off—farther off than Berlin is from the armies in the West. But distance is not the serious matter. In so far as it is serious, it is as awkward a problem for Tojo as for us.

FOR HE HAS COMMITTED HIMSELF TO FIGHTING A WAR THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM HIS BASE. AND SEA MILES AT THAT. COMMUNICATIONS VULNERABLE BY SEA AND AIR ALL THE WAY.

He cannot shorten his line anywhere. He must fight at the extremities. He dare not voluntarily quit his scattered islands, or the East Indies, or Burma, or China.

And that brings us to what is the serious matter—his capacity to defend this far-flung incoherent empire, hurriedly built up in a spasm of brigandage. Take the three elements of defence.

First, the sea, on the command of which the coherence of the whole system depends. Has Tojo that command?

In every engagement at sea, since the Battle of the Coral Sea, he has been defeated and has suffered devastating losses far beyond the power of replacement.

No less severe has been the destruction of the mercantile marine.

Meanwhile, the sea-power of the Allies is ceaselessly mounting, not merely in virtue of greater power of production, but as the result of the war in the West.

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten is cheerful

The surrender of the Italian navy and the sinking of the "Scharnhorst," for example, have released invaluable resources for the Pacific War.

In the air the Allies have achieved an overwhelming supremacy. Even the sea victories of Midway Island and the Bismarck Sea were won by air-power alone.

The position on land is no less favourable. Since the capture of Buna we have not had a set-back.

Beginning with Guadalcanal, we have mopped up the islands from the Solomons to the Gilberts, and our right hook is now thrusting at the Marshalls.

Burma is coming into the picture, and when once full communication is established with the upper Burma Road the vast potentialities of China will be armed and released against the right flank of the enemy.

All this is being accomplished while the bulk of the Allies' power is blasting Hitler's Fortress in the West. What chance will Tojo have when that power is brought to bear on his jerry-built empire in the Pacific?

But must we wait? Is it not possible that soon our surplus of power will be so great that the fall of Tokyo may be brought as near as the fall of Berlin?

That is the cry that springs in all hearts in the presence of the hideous record of Japanese barbarities.

ace New Enemies

derground fighters. ome of the men converted" appear pers published by ng them, strangely, ndustrialists of the (that giant Steel nd one of the props). Directors drew foreign policy. oses to contact the nand and to enlist

wish to join with movement and— ull control of the

*

s direct. To tens gallant men they arms—the necessi- nderground front

Trust begs pardon It says, in effect: orked for the Ger- d a great national e: so we prevented aluable plant to aved our workmen r: so our men have hood assured for s."

newspapers have licemen into in- have also acted as an unfortunate boomerang: cowards and weaklings have avowedly joined the resistance movement to escape punishment.

Spectacular are the conversions of M. de Carbuccia (late Corsican-Fascist editor of the Paris weekly paper *Gringoire*) and Francois Valentin, many months Director-General of the Vichy *Legion*.

The forces in France which have withstood the Germans have been primarily concerned with the condemnation of all those who joined forces with the invader. But a few—in contrast to the many—underground newspapers are suspiciously kindly towards the members of the *Legion*.

Aurore wrote: "Let us face realities, General de Gaulle does not fail to do so. While he was directing in London a fight which was then mainly political he welcomed in England parliamentarians who in Vichy had given their support to Pétain."

Another Gaullist newspaper, *Defense de la France*, goes so far as to recommend a political régime of "authoritarian democracy." This provoked a mild rebuke from another Gaullist periodical, *Resistance*, which described this programme as "having a nationalistic and conservative flavour." The battle continues.

MAURICE FORTIS.

Mr. Trimble's Hat

For who should be passing the little inn at that very moment but the great Duke of Wellington. Mr. Trimble nearly fell off the tiny stone staircase

IT was an autumn wind which dragged Mr. Trimble's wet-set footprints out of their lifelong tracks and turned him aside into the village of ghosts.

The autumn wind tore hell-for-leather across Hyde Park, pulled the trees of Rotten Row aside and peeped through, leapt across Knightsbridge and caught sight of Mr. Trimble's hat. Caught sight of Mr. Trimble's hat, laughed fit to kill, knocked Mr. Trimble's hat off and ran away before there was trouble.

Mr. Trimble's new hat. The hat Mr. Trimble had just bought and could not afford to lose.

Almost as quick as the wind itself, Mr. Trimble was after his hat, round the corner of the Alexandra Hotel and into a kind of alley he had passed a thousand times without seeing—as he had passed a thousand others.

Then round another corner, and another corner yet, until, when at last he had triumphed and was dusting his hat on his sleeve, he found himself standing in an etching.

It was the moon did that, lighting one side and blacking the other of the kind of little street that Mr. Trimble had hitherto seen only on a Christmas card out of the sixpenny box.

The cottages with their window-boxes and the raised pavement with its iron railing, the lamp-post and the wooden wall with its wooden door across the end of the little street. The village pub. . . .

YES, a real village pub not a hundred yards from Knightsbridge. Mr. Trimble passed through the wooden door in the wooden wall into another and curving street and stood gaping at the tiny stone staircase which led up to the front door of "The Grenadier."

It didn't seem real. But at that moment, in the moonlight, Mr. Trimble himself didn't feel real. The noises of London had gone, and the only sound left was the sad "ding-dong" of a nearby church clock, which economically chimed the quarter with just two doleful notes.

Mr. Trimble was approaching the startling thought that he had ceased to be and was already in the Next Phase, when a second sound caused him to look round, and there, coming towards him and prosaically walking a little dog as real people do in real life, was the first of the ghosts. For ghost she certainly appeared to be to Mr. Trimble at that moment.

She was a woman of nearly sixty, small and frail, with white hair and a pale face on which was the saddest expression Mr. Trimble had ever seen on a human countenance. It was a face behind which, he told himself, hid a great sorrow.

Looking at nothing, certainly not at Mr. Trimble, she passed him with the air of a queen, the moonlight throwing a thousand sparks from a diamond star brooch at her throat. Soon the dog came back round the curve of the street and they were both gone, first into the deep shadow and then into a little house with the surprising name of Pink Willow Cottage.

A door closed softly, and Mr. Trimble was alone again.

Alone, but unable to forget the sorrowful face of the little lady who walked like a queen.

"There's a tragedy there," he began to guess. "A tragedy. . . ."

And it was with a sigh that he turned up the tiny stone staircase into "The Grenadier."

If the odd backwater into which he had been pushed by the wind's sense of humour had surprised him, the inside of "The Grenadier" turned his surprise into blank astonishment. The zinc-topped counter, the century-old window which served as a hatch to a back room, the very shape of the place. . . .

"I have known Knightsbridge for thirty years," he told a man on a bench, "but I never knew there was *this*."

"Ah," said the man, "there's thousands that don't. And there's something else maybe you don't know—that this was the Duke of Wellington's favourite pub, and he used to stable his horses just round the corner. Ah, the great Duke of Wellington himself. Many's the time he's sat here with a pint."

After this, if he had been asked, Mr. Trimble would have confessed himself ready for anything. But he certainly wasn't ready for the shock of his life, which came his way when he was no more than two steps down the tiny stone staircase on his way out of "The Grenadier."

For who should be passing the little inn at that very moment but the great Duke of Wellington.

Mr. Trimble nearly fell off the tiny stone staircase.

There wasn't any doubt about it, in spite of a lot of things. A bowler hat, for example, a walking-stick, and a suit which was a great deal newer than the suit Mr. Trimble was wearing.

But there wasn't any doubt about it. It was the great Duke of Wellington.

Mr. Trimble was so struck of a heap (to use his own phrase) that he let the great Duke of Wellington get right out of sight round the curve of the street before he attempted to pull himself together.

Then, after a half glance over his shoulder, to assure himself that Julius Cæsar and Cardinal Wolsey weren't coming along, he set off himself round the curve of the street to find out what it was all about.

The second street was more familiar, or would have been by the light of an ordinary day. Now, by the light of an extraordinary night, it made Mr. Trimble think he had slipped back into a forgotten holiday at Bath twenty years before.

But he hadn't long to worry about that. Another turning or two, and the great Duke of Wellington was leading him into his second village street within half an hour. "Kinnerton Street" it said on the wall at the end, but this meant nothing to Mr. Trimble.

It was even more like a village street than the first one. It was long and narrow and seemed to be full of country pubs. And into one of these country pubs, with the rustic name of "The Nag's Head" over its door, Mr. Trimble was soon turning on the heels of the Iron Duke.

Ever afterwards Mr. Trimble was to think of "The Nag's Head" as the smallest pub in the world. But small as it was, it was seemingly large enough to provide a hiding-place for the great Duke of Wellington, for when Mr. Trimble had squeezed himself inside there was nothing at all to be seen of his second ghost.

The microscopic bar was crowded.

After ten minutes of trying to think it out—without succeeding in thinking at all—Mr. Trimble had just become aware, through a forest of elbows, of a little private bar beyond, and this he was about to investigate when out from it came, arm-in-arm, the great Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte! They smiled to everybody, said good-night and passed into the moonlit street.

There wasn't any doubt about Napolean Bonaparte.

Mr. Trimble gave it up.

"See who that was?" asked a cheerful stranger.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Trimble.

"Slater Barnes and Henry Cave," said the cheerful stranger. "Don't you remember 'Waterloo'?"

WHICH brought it all back to Mr. Trimble. Thirty years ago at the old Albion Theatre in the Strand. Slater Barnes in "Waterloo," the record-breaking play of its day. Slater Barnes ("Himself") as Napoleon. Henry Cave as the Duke of Wellington. The old Albion Theatre in the Strand. Thirty years ago. . . .

"Oh," said Mr. Trimble. "Oh, I see . . ."

"That *was* a play!" said the cheerful stranger, enthusiastically. "I saw it six times!"

"I saw it fifteen times!" said Mr. Trimble.

"Go on!" The cheerful stranger looked admiringly at Mr. Trimble. Then he said: "Lives just round the corner, Henry Cave does. And so did the great Duke himself, a hundred years ago."

"I see," said Mr. Trimble.

"Did you see in the paper," said the cheerful stranger, "they're reviving 'Waterloo'?"

"No," said Mr. Trimble.

"Next month," said the cheerful stranger. "With both of 'em in their original parts. Yes. . . . With a spot of make-up and the lights I don't suppose they'll look a day older. I'll have to see it."

"Me, too," said Mr. Trimble.

He went back the way he had come, from village street to village street by way of the forgotten holiday in Bath. He was sorry that his ghosts had been explained away.

He was even shaking his head when he reached "The Grenadier" for the second time.

The moon had moved on a little and some of the road was ice-white that had been black so short a time before. And there, just in front of Mr. Trimble's feet, still throwing off its thousand sparks, lay a diamond star brooch.

Mr. Trimble stooped and picked it up and was surprised to realise he had forgotten the little lady who walked like a queen.

"Must have lost it," he said stupidly, and he moved to the door of Pink Willow Cottage and rattled the old brass knocker.

It wasn't the little lady who walked like a queen who opened the door. It was the great Duke of Wellington. Mr. Trimble held out the diamond star and explained, and before he knew where he was his hand was nearly shaken off and he was inside Pink Willow Cottage and through in a gay little room and trying to say "No" to a big glass of sherry.

He was even aware, in a hazy way, that the great Duke of Wellington was introducing the little lady who walked like a queen as "my wife."

"Thank you," she said, "a thousand times over. I wouldn't have lost it for the world. I've had it—so very long."

He Hasn't Done So Badly!

THE most remarkable thing they could find to say about an old lady who got herself into the papers the other day because she was ninety was that she had never been to the pictures.

This seems to me to be newspaper reporting gone silly.

Probably the old lady has never repaired a carburettor, motored to Brighton on an 1893 Missfitz, grown mistletoe on a large scale, collected stamps, tasted haggis, or kissed the Blarney Stone.

But what about it?

As we grow older most of us like to look back now and again and add up the score. It may not be much of a score. Just a personal list of bits and pieces. But at any rate it's something *done*.

★ ★ ★

Probably in an asylum they might draw up a list of things not done—a kind of column of nothings with a line across at the bottom and a large round 0 underneath for total.

But I can't see anybody outside an asylum going to the trouble. Unless it's somebody who's shortly going in.

My own score is quite a good one. At any rate seems good to me.

When it comes to the things I haven't done I could fill several thick books.

I have never been to America. I have never even been to Ireland. I have never flown in an aeroplane. I have never been in a night club. I have never seen a Coronation, or a Cup Final, or the Derby. I have never had a Chinese dinner in Limehouse. I have never ridden in a hansom cab.

★ ★ ★

Not commonplace things, these? Well, I have never rowed a boat, left my umbrella in a teashop, whitewashed a ceiling, grown a marrow, or gone in for a football pool.

There are millions of things I have never done. But what does that mean?

Lots of reporters seem to be wasting their time. Why don't they pick on the things that matter?

I wonder if, three hundred years ago, you'd have seen anything like this modern rubbish in your morning paper? Such as:

"Fifty yesterday, Mr. William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, a writer, confessed that he has never had three shies at a cokernut."

A. G.

Short Story
By WILL SCOTT

★

e seemed, Mr. Trimble thought, er than ever, here with the strong upon her. He turned away and on a baby grand piano, a big photo- h of a lovely woman with a crown er head, a young woman, a gay and woman with smiling eyes and coils lack hair Then he looked again at ittle lady who walked like a queen.

hen Henry Cave was pretending that Trimble didn't know who he was, Mr. Trimble was insisting that, of se, he did, and they were talking en to the dozen about the old Albion tre and the great days of "Water-

d Henry Cave was saying that e'd be the best-seat in the best box Mr. Trimble when "Waterloo" was ed in a month's time.

With me in my original part and r Barnes in his original part."

r. Trimble glanced at the photograph he piano and once more caught the of the little lady who walked like a r.

see you've guessed," she said. "Yes, s the Empress Josephine."

And——?" Mr. Trimble prompted.

it she shook her head.

Time isn't so kind to women," she and he could have sworn there was ar in her eye. "Make-up and lights work the trick for ever. This time all be . . . in the audience."

And that," thought Mr. Trimble n he was standing in the moonlight n "is the tragedy."

ross the silence of his little village hosts the economical chimes sounded three-quarters with a sad "ding- ding-dong, ding-dong."

Half an hour," said Mr. Trimble to self as he made his way back to ghtsbridge and the London of every- "Only thirty minutes. How queer."

HUMAN MACHINE
Formative Years

It is often said that the power of forming new opinions and olding new viewpoints is often st by the age of twenty-five.

It need not be so, of course, but often is so. Which is a pity.

On the other hand, the great rench writer Balzac said some- here that if a young man is up- ght and honourable till he is enty-five, he can never become oroughly vicious.

Do you see the connection tween these two statements?

It is that once a right habit is oroughly established in the early ars of life, it is very hard to ange it, much less lose it or stroy it.

Balzac was right. No proper re- onse to the stimulus of people or ings is ever lost. Every time we t rightly it is counted for us, alked up to our credit, not at me future judgment day, but om that moment on in every step our mental and physical life.

It follows from this that we ould, from as early an age as ssible, train ourselves to accept d not reject new points of view: And behind all our efforts and all r strivings should be a feeling of nfidence that in the face of oblems and perplexities we shall ink wisely and act rightly.

Our responsibility towards the ture is exactly our duty to the esent, the everyday work of ought and action. It begins and ds there. You will see just what is means if you think a little!

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

INVESTORS SHOULDN'T CHEER YET!

OUR Company laws, whose vague and fusty terms have helped investors to lose something like £18,000,000 since the end of the last war, are to be amended *at last*!

At least, so we are told by Mr. Hugh Dalton, President of the Board of Trade.

If it is true, few things could please me better.

But, with all respect to Mr. Dalton, I have so often heard similar statements which have come to nothing that I am just a little sceptical!

Looking back at my old records, I find it was in the early part of 1923 that I wrote my first condemnation of the hollowness of our Company Laws with a demand for reform. Dozens of big share jugglers have swindled the public since then, and yet practically nothing has been done by our legislators to make their operations more difficult.

Thirteen Men

Jacob Factor, one of the worst company rogues, despite attack in these columns, was never caught or punished.

True, £25,000 was spent by the authorities, in trying to bring Factor to justice: but he was too clever for them. One man actually lost his reason while trying to unravel the complicated finances of Factor companies and is still in a mental hospital.

In 1938, when the Government appointed a special committee under the chairmanship of Sir Archibald Bodkin, K.C., to inquire into the pitfalls of Company Laws, I was invited to prepare a special treatise on the subject and to give evidence before the committee.

It all turned out to be a complete waste of time—and money. Little came of the Committee's labours until recently, and some fine recommendations it made were just shelved.

Now, after all these years, I am told that "this disastrous company business is to be thoroughly cleaned up," that the "days of the company-monger are numbered," and that the Sharepushing Act, which was to have come fully into effect in 1939, will come fully into operation by July next.

Sitting round a table in the palatial offices of the Board of Trade in Millbank, London, are thirteen distinguished men.

They are called "The Company Law Amendment Committee"—"The Cohen Committee" for short. They are engaged in sifting the same old Company Laws, and are instructed to see how investors' money can be safeguarded.

Flagrant Examples

The President, Sir Benjamin Cohen, is a judge, and it must be a little irksome to him that he was a member of the 1938 committee which spent a lot of valuable time and money for nothing.

I hope he will have better luck this time, for no man could occupy a presidential chair more appropriately than this great authority on Company Law.

He is certainly doing his job thoroughly—looking for the loopholes and empty legal provisions relating to industrial and provident societies (which cry aloud for reform), housing concerns, building societies, collecting enterprises and limited liability companies of all kinds.

Here are a few examples of company jugglery:

The chairman of one concern has made a habit of packing his meetings with nominees. Paid dummies voted him all kinds of unwarranted expenses, and enabled him to secure a monthly payment towards the upkeep of his car—which was entirely unjustified.

He lived for a long time in a mansion on the estate which contains the company's headquarters. Some of his colleagues lived there too—until a few shrewd shareholders put a stop to it. In all, a dozen of the company's officials occupied rooms that should have been used as a residential club for shareholders.

These preferential occupiers even fixed their own low rents, and hundreds of pounds of shareholders' money was misspent before the racket was recently exploded.

In collusion with his friends, the chairman also voted himself, among other things, monies for "services rendered"—though, in fact, little or no services were rendered.

In the end, when the company was hopelessly insolvent, proper liquidation was prevented by the chairman's ruse of buying up all the available shares at a nominal price!

Another of the many cases known to me is a company, formed before the war, which has been under the domination of one man. And what a man!

He is a notorious company promoter, several of whose ventures in the past have come before the courts because of mismanagement and other irregularities.

All kinds of allegations are being made against him, and he has even dismissed directors in order to keep his company's affairs under his sway.

Last year I severely criticised a firm of outside brokers named J. Verity and Co., Ltd., of Charles II Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1. They were getting money from people for putting on the market an invention that was supposed to enable a car to be driven without fuel.

The inventor, whose name is Alfred Taff Rutt, and four people concerned with the firm of Verity and Co., Ltd., have since been sent to prison after one of the rare and unreported company prosecutions since the war.

Let me make a few suggestions to Mr. Justice Cohen's committee. Some were made in 1938 to Sir Archibald Bodkin, but may be this time they will be acted upon.

At present fifteen months can elapse before any company renders accounts of its year's trading. This provides a playground for operations based on illicitly acquired information, and it is obvious that movements in the prices of shares should be given at much shorter intervals.

Mr. Justice Cohen has an intricate job

Urgent Reforms

Progress reports, in the opinion of experts, should be given every three or four months. This would kill the "inside information" virus, which enables so many people-in-the-know to make improper profits in a single deal.

Nominee shareholdings, which are always open to abuse where the names of the actual holders are not disclosed, should be abolished.

Dealings by directors in the shares of their own companies should be made a criminal offence. And penalties should be heavier.

Prospectuses should only be issued with much more *exact* and *definite* information than is permissible at present, and prominence should be given to important factors which in the past have been cleverly hidden away in small type.

Ambiguous phrases, such as "after making such adjustments as may be considered necessary," should not be allowed. Public offers for the sale of shares should only be permitted through accredited Stock Exchange brokers.

Abuses by private companies; the question of limited liability; the right of shareholders to call for speedier investigations into a company's affairs; much more detailed information in balance-sheets and profit-and-loss accounts; the operations of companies working in Great Britain but controlled from other countries—these, and many other things, must also be gone fully into.

If—after all the past committees which, despite valuable work and excellent recommendations, have led us nowhere—the present body achieves the ends for which it was set up, it will earn the gratitude of hundreds of thousands of people who, as the law stands now, are likely prey for financial sharks who are already planning a rich share "market" when the war ends.

Exit a Vicious Rogue

A SCOUNDREL with many names, but who is believed to have been christened thirty-eight years ago as Alfred Jones, was recently the subject of a warning in these columns.

The sequel has been both rapid and startling. He has just been sent to penal servitude by Mr. Justice Oliver for eight years.

He defrauded the mothers, wives and sweethearts of "missing" Servicemen; told women that their dear ones were not dead (though officially reported so) because he had seen them recently in the flesh in some foreign hospital or while serving with some isoated unit abroad.

From the *London Gazette* he got the names and addresses of relatives and then obtained money from them by trading on their agony.

A reader of mine, remembering what I had written about this rogue and others like him, was wise enough to ask Jones to call back. Meanwhile, he went to the Liverpool police and Jones was arrested.

He is now out of harm's way for eight years.

This should be a warning to many other "Servicemen Impostors" who are still following his vile and cowardly tactics.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. F. Hill, The Drive, Bexley, Kent, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information is invited about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Voice of the Troops

As dawn was breaking the paratroops set off for the Japs' back door

OUR paratroops go down over the Japanese in New Guinea. Here is the dramatic story of a great armada of the air in a letter from Roy Driver, an official war photographer attached to the American and Australian Forces, to a friend in London:

Here there is always a great roar of 'planes overhead. This is truly a war of the air, and I have never seen so many 'planes going to so many places.

It was here that I got my first taste of things to come. For this was a camp of paratroops. Things were humming with activity, for next morning they were to be dropped in the Markham Valley to help close the ring round the Japs at Lae and Salamaua.

As we studied the sand-maps, each man learned his rôle. There were hectic comings and goings, and by ten o'clock that night, when we turned in, we were ready for sleep.

. . . Suddenly I woke to the sound of a bugle. It was half-past two! After something to eat, we moved off to the trucks that were waiting to take us to the air "strip." The great convoy left on time, and as dawn was breaking we got to the 'planes.

Inside troops sat in their parachutes and equipment. Soon they were wet through with perspiration. But they were a cheerful lot, chatting like this: "Say, I'd like the boys at the office to get one look at me now!" "Oh, boy! If the boss back home on the farm could see me all fixed up and some place to go."

Our engines started up and we moved down the "strip." I looked out of the 'plane: behind and in front were scores of giant transports, each about 50 ft. apart, moving like a stream of City traffic.

At the end of the "strip" we turned and took off, almost on top of one another. Soon we were flying in formation over mountains rising up like almost impassable barriers, where not so long ago our troops toiled with breaking backs and aching legs. What a difference this time. Fresh troops dropped from the skies right on the Japs' backdoor at Lae!

And spread out in a canopy above us a tremendous force of fighters to cover us as we went in.

NURSING IN ITALY

Nurses by aeroplane from Algiers to Italy! That is all part of the Army's medical service for the wounded. Nursing Officer E. Allison, General Hospital, C.M.F. tells the story in a letter to her mother at Park Road, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham:

We flew by aeroplane from Tunis to Italy, the journey taking an hour and a half flying time to the main airport, and then twenty minutes in another machine to here

I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the trip, and as this was my first journey by air, it was thrills all the way.

These places have been bashed about by bombs and shells, but life goes on. Orange groves and death and destruction, beauty and ugliness—it is all here.

There are lots of patients to attend to, but they are all so patient and without a grumble amongst them, that it is grand to be able to do anything for them. We get tired towards the end of a long day, but it is satisfying work.

DANCING ELEPHANTS

Cabaret in India sounds attractive; but here is the story from Sgm. A. Whyte, G.H.Q. Signals, India Command, in a letter to his friends at Birkburn Road, Kilsyth, Glasgow:

Smithy came into the canteen and told of a marvellous dancing show he had discovered. He was so enthusiastic that we set off right away.

After a lot of trouble we found the place tucked away in anything but a "gay" quarter of the town. Once inside, we sat cross-legged on the floor among the Indians, drinking very sweet coffee, and thinking how much we would give for a pint of some other liquid.

Then came the high-spot of the show. Weird music, and then in galloped ten very big and very fat females, all covered with jewellery, chains, bracelets, anklets and what-not, like a hardware store in a state of eruption.

These heavy-weights banged and stamped around until we thought the roof was coming in on top of us.

Mac, looking very fierce, asked Smithy if these dancing "elephants" were the beautiful dancing girls he had told us about?

And Smithy couldn't think of the right answer, but we prevented them from fighting. Altogether we took a very poor view of the "show," and of Smithy in particular: but we cheered up as we returned to the canteen to enjoy ourselves.

HIGH HILLS AND HIGH PRICES

Cinemas out in Irak may prove a little primitive and unconventional, not to say uncomfortable, according to Sgm. J. H. Godsell, P.A.I. Force, who writes to his aunt at Alfred Street, Gloucester:

We had to spend the night at a certain small town in the middle of nowhere-in-particular, and that evening decided to go to the pictures just to pass the time.

What a cinema! The screen was on one side of the road and the projector in a building on the other side of the road. The audience arrived carrying empty petrol tins and boxes for seats, and sat down in the middle of the road to enjoy the show. There were, of course, interruptions when traffic wanted to go by!

Two days later we were in a civilised town again, looking at goods in the shop windows priced at about ten times their worth, so I regret that no presents for home were bought.

However, we had some wonderful views of the mountains not far away, and went swimming in the pools formed by the streams caused by the melting snow on the mountainside.

★ Have you an interesting letter—from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Merchant Navy Forum

THEY DON'T FIND IT SWEET

FORUM is here to tackle *any* problems which affect the life of a seafaring-man. But sometimes officers and men set this column unnecessary problems.

For example, a week ago a navigating officer complained bitterly because at four British ports which his ship had touched during December and January Customs officials had refused to sanction supply of personal sweet rations to the crew. This particular complaint was already under survey, the writer of this column always maintaining close personal contact with the Ministry of War Transport and other Ministries concerned with the welfare of the seaman, ashore and afloat.

★ ★ ★

Bitterly the officer in question asked why the personal ration was refused, and why merchant seamen, who often risk their lives bringing sugar to Britain, should be denied the fruits of their labour? There was no need for this officer to lodge his protest. Here is the answer to the problem.

Deep-sea vessels of all types are entitled to an allowance of sweets based on an agreed ration of 6¾ ounces per man for each *completed* week of the voyage.

If a vessel arrives in a port in Britain with a *surplus*, this quantity is taken into account; if it exceeds the *total* ration due to the crew, Customs officers refuse *further* supplies. So far, so good.

But on the coastwise trade, where the Little Ships of Britain are completing more than 25,000 voyages a year, seamen are entitled to not more than three ounces of sweets per week, for which special ration cards are issued for use in ordinary sweet shops.

But, as coastwise seafaring men face dangers equal to those of deep-sea men, why the reduction of more than 100 per cent. to the Coast? Secondly, many ships are sold out of supplies long before the coastwise seamen can come ashore. The raw end of any deal somehow seems to come the way of the men in the Little Ships, and Forum wants to see these seamen get a real break at long last.

There is an anti-Fascist … nearly every home in Spa… There is also ragge… poverty for the many, gre… riches for the few. Wh… Franco's Fascism is stampe… out, it should be follow… by the benefits of th… Atlantic Charter

SO Franco's fall, if it follow… stoppage of supplies of o… wheat, will be due, n… Civilisation's protest a… his cruelty and lust of power… because of a fuss about a … oranges!

Great Britain, in 1936, refused … the Republican Government, whic… our friend. Indeed, the Tories … with the rebel dictator Franco … "gallant Christian gentleman" … wanted Gibraltar and was our en…

We stood by while an infant re… was martyred and murdered all fo… was crushed, and a new-born ye… for Culture became once again me… darkness.

We 'Did Nothing

Then, for four years, no one … while a million prisoners languis… noisome jails, victims of rigorous … ceration merely because—in … twentieth century—they had da… fight for freedom!

We tolerated, long after we … strong enough to make an effectiv… test, Franco's seizure of Tangier.

We endured, on "neutral" S… soil, an Axis spy organisation all … the Rock.

We allowed Franco to pay to Ger… for services rendered during the … War, money which we advanced … loans.

We were complacent when, … that Hitler would win, he sent the … division to fight our allies on … Eastern Front.

We did nothing when he woul… release Italian ships, which becam… by international law, when Mu… fell.

Nor did we take action whe… Robles, the Monarchist leader wh… in semi-exile in Lisbon, publish… open letter to the army leaders in … hoping to encourage them to demo… restoration of the throne, he di… that Spain had allowed her ports … used as fuel and supplies by … German U-boats!

But when oranges had been bot… us, and every one had to be ex… in case a bomb was among them, … was so much excitement about … oranges that, at last, Whitehal… spurred to action!

Now the stopping of oil supp… Spain means that within a few … her factories will nearly all be clo…

"No wheat" will seriously ha… masses, three-fourths of whom, it … are pro-Ally in sympathy.

Inspiration

How can they be otherwise than … Fascist when they have seen … country reduced to destitution b… military gangsters who, rebelling … to the length of importing … troops to impose what they … "Christianity" upon a populace … wanted cheaper houses and better …

I only know that, when I re… from Spain after a visit half way d… the Civil War, I came home … fervour for a brave people who, al… almost without arms, were fi… against Hitler's tanks and Mus…

ranco's Fall is Certain

By HANNEN SWAFFER

s which were rehearsing what was o become the Battle of Europe.

n I stood on the balcony of the nor's residence in Madrid, I looked on thousands of workers carrying rs which read "Send us arms" eard a chorus of voices pleading ritish help, and yet cursing our l to send it.

the front-line trenches outside d, I saw soldiers, in the intervals of learning their A.B.C. with alpha- exercise books and pencils which d part of their regular outfit, so ate was the populace under the old rchist system.

rywhere, I saw order and discipli- nd a zeal for education that was an ation to every democrat in the

we betrayed it.

nce, under Léon Blum, was afraid Fascist revolt if he intervened.

tain, armed only to strength which allow her to comply with her com- ents under Collective Security, had been the avowed policy of all arties, was run by a weak Chamber- who refused to see in Franco's vic- for which he hoped, anything more a defeat of "Bolshevism."

ually, the so-called "Communists" ain wanted little more than the services L. G. had given us years e. Here, many of the leading ards who were described as "Reds" have been regarded as rather old- oned Liberals.

Coveting the Rock

, what was vital was that the Re- cans were putting up the first fight st the Fascism and Nazidom which oon to enslave nearly all Europe. few outside our working-class ment recognised.

when the Fascists won and every ntened person in Spain who had lready been killed was clapped into t meant that Franco was committed pro-Axis policy. For, without the of the Axis, he could not have won. ides, he knew that his *régime* could ng survive the defeat of his fellow- tors in Italy and in Germany.

for more than four years he has treacherous to the "non-belliger- " which was his avowed policy.

newspapers of Spain, all con- d, were violently anti-British. monstrations, organised by the gists, cheered Hitler and Mussolini demanded. "We want Gibraltar as part of Spain!"

Our diplomatic representatives were subjected to insults in Madrid and in the local consulates.

German propaganda was spread on the air. Yet our most popular broadcaster to Spain was sacked, at Franco's request.

Spain too, was sending to Germany supplies of minerals vital to her war effort.

Switzerland and Sweden, in most difficult circumstances, had tried to keep neutral both in spirit and in fact. But Spain's neutrality was plain humbug.

Never, except among the Nazis, was there so much treachery and deceit.

Franco's apologists have often credited him with having prevented Hitler from marching across Spain in order to attack Gibraltar.

The truth is he hoped to get the Rock anyway, as the reward for his "non-belligerency," after Hitler's victory.

Although he regarded this as certain until recently, he was afraid of the consequences for his country and, above all, for his *régime*, if he openly intervened on the Axis side.

He knew that Spain would be immediately blockaded, and her ports bombarded, by the British Navy, and that an internal revolution would break out long before the Panzer divisions could be within the range of Gibraltar's guns.

For there is an anti-Fascist in almost every worker's home in Spain. It is a land of hunger. Misery stalks abroad. Yet in the restaurants of the rich there is plenty for the few.

That cannot for long go on.

Spain Will Be Free

Whatever happens now, Franco is doomed. His *régime* must soon follow Hitler's downfall.

When the war ends, I trust, the Atlantic Charter will be applied to Spain—and then, in a free election, the masses will re-establish that republican democracy for which they once fought so bravely.

At the end of a long Way of Sorrows, after a journey through blood and tears, Spain will at last reach Freedom.

Memories You Can Cherish

RE are some thoughts to take with you, wherever your duty calls, and whenever the shadow of hardship your pathway falls. You can think over and over and get new strength their inner power, for you can l home to your dear ones, via your in a lonely hour.

ere's the thought of a face in the ght, there's the thought of a voice a smile. There's that thought of children's laughter as they play the log wood pile. There's the ht of that moment so sacred when a mouth lay warm in your kiss, and there's the thought of brave tear-gemmed eyes because they knew you would feel like this!

SO whenever you're up against things, when you feel sick or weary, my friend, if you seek in your mind, I know you will find, a thought that your heart-ache will mend. And even that thought that holds sadness of a dear one passed through to the light, it will help you because these thought treasures are of things that make living right. J. M.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without of course giving your name)

Funeral for the Old School Tie?

THERE must be at least eight different educational systems in this country. They are all shot through with social class, and they place caste marks on all their pupils.

As one man writes:

We hear much about education in the post-war world. The handicaps of the past will no longer exist. There will be equality of opportunity for all.

Good! As one so handicapped from what was not my fault—lack of education years ago—I welcome it with open arms.

But why all this old-school-tie snobbery from secondary schools upwards?

On a recent visit to my home town, although I have made good in many ways, I was still high-hatted by local individuals because a quarter of a century ago they went to the all-important snooty little grammar school while I had to be content with acquiring the three R's at a council school.

What have they to be so proud about? The money in their parents' pockets paid for the schooling, whether they were clever or fools; yet for ever after they are regarded as "superior"!

School meals make another job for teacher!

IT is not surprising that he feels indignant. The social prestige attached to schools accounts for so much in this country.

Among other things it explains why parents pay to send their children to private schools when they can have a better education free. It is not that the children are better taught in a private school, but that it suggests that they do not mix with social inferiors!

It would be a matter for ridicule but for the injustice it entails.

Fortunately, it is going to end. All children are to have secondary school education, and the different branches are all to be equal in status.

That is the Government's plan.

And now we can sit and watch the obstructionists getting busy. We can sit and watch . . . but we ought not to remain passive. It is the parents' business to agitate till they get fair play for their youngsters

If we show that we want a decent thing we shall get it; but if we merely look on—a trifle cynically perhaps—the old systems will creep back as before.

AND here is a litter from a teacher about a different matter.

Years ago our work was simply to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, grammar, drawing, painting, nature study, Scripture, physical drill, and all the rest.

Now, however, other duties are being added. We have to supervise the school milk in the middle of the morning, the midday meals, the National Savings certificates, holiday games, school camps, school journeys, the periodical measuring of heights and weights, the visits of the school dentist, the nurse, the medical officer; and, of course, there are endless forms to be filled in for headquarters.

The wonder is that we have any time left for the main purpose for which schools exist.

There is no need to be trained for all the routine jobs which take up so much of our time and energy. Anyone could do them. Don't you think if these outside duties were given to voluntary helpers and older pupils we could solve the problem of teacher shortage?

It might give teachers more time to devote to actual teaching, but it would not solve the problem of big classes or provide extra staff for the raising of the school-leaving age.

Our ideas of education have changed in recent years. We realise that physical well-being is as important as mind-training.

The school milk, school meals, the doctors' examination of pupils, etc., are not extras; they are more necessary than the ability to do sums about A, B and C, who spend their time running races.

BUT I want to find room for a woman reader's letter on a recent subject about which many married women wrote to me:

No housewife need be a Martha, and neither need she become a Mary to get a little pleasure out of life. There is always the middle course, and the woman who finds it can have a full and happy life.

But she must take the initiative.

The average husband thinks that his wife is content to spend her whole life at housework. To him, home is a haven, a grand place to return to when one is tired at the end of the day; but to his wife it is the scene of hard labour.

My advice to women is this: Don't have a fixed routine which nothing must upset.

If you are invited to some special treat don't refuse because it happens to be washday. Let the washing wait till to-morrow.

And don't think that because you are married the only classes you can attend are cookery or make and mend; they are only busmen's holidays.

I went to a dramatic class and had many happy hours there. I read a good many books which are worth-while. And I have never made my small domestic circle my whole world.

Once you get outside it you see things in their perspective.

I advise all housewives to have a little fun when the chance comes. The family won't come to any harm, and they'll appreciate the mother just as much or even more.

"WHATE'ER I DO
MY CHIN STAYS BLUE"
CRIED JIM
IN DIRE DISMAY
"MY CHIN IS SMOOTH"
SAID BILLY BOOTH.
"I SHAVE THE
EASY WAY!"

USE EASY SHAVING STICK
Over 100 shaves for 7½d.
(INCLUDES PURCHASE TAX)

6 367-750 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

NEW—and meat-saving

Egg and Leek pie

This egg and leek pie, made with cheese pastry, is an excellent solution to the main-dish problem, for dried eggs are a protein food, like meat.

Serve dishes made with eggs often, and make the most of this body-building food!

For this pie: ¼ lb cheese pastry (made by substituting 2 oz. grated cheese for 1 oz. fat), ¼ lb. leeks (weight after preparing), seasoning, 2 dried eggs, reconstituted.

Divide the pastry into two and line a flat tin with one piece. Boil the leeks in salted water, and chop. Season, and mix with eggs. Dried eggs are easy to cook with, because whites and yolks are blended together. Pour into the pastry and cover with the second piece.

Bake in hot oven 30 minutes. (Sufficient for 4 people.) Serve hot with vegetables, or cold with salad.

Children holding green Ration Books are allowed a double ration of Dried Eggs.

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

LAST LAUGH

W. A. (Barnes). — "Try an omelette made with dried eggs and chopped spinach." Carefully cooked, this is indistinguishable from an omelette made with dried eggs and chopped spinach.

B. L. (Acton).—"It is not easy for me, an active chap, to stand rushing about." Or to rush about standing.

W. E. (Hereford).—"I always brace myself when I see my wife toss up her head." You know you are about to catch it?

S. S. (Leamington).—"Eat an onion a day and you'll keep the surgeon at bay." And everyone else.

G. K. (Loughborough).—"How does the Press get put on the track of all the old ladies who pass the hundred mark?" Probably the old ladies' friends give them away.

C. M. (Bury).—"What do we want with plum pudding in war time?" Plums.

G. J. (Newark).—"The man who has been in many wars as I have does not make a song about it." But he is apt to put on airs.

F. G. (Aldgate).—"Our older people seem to be keener than their predecessors in reaching a phenomenal age. I wonder why." They maybe think that is their only chance of seeing those model homes we are reading so much about.

C. V. (Southend).—"Some of the gags at the expense of the B.B.C. are nearly as old as Adam." In other words B.C.

C. B. (Aldershot).—"Is there any sure and certain way of proving a man is insane?" Well, you can take it he is, if he thinks he is Hitler.

C. V. (Dover).—"It has been my privilege to know the world's bravest man." We take it you married him?

REG (London).—"A good father in letters to a son should be as brief as possible." Something like this—Dear Boy, herewith cheque for ——.

LANCE-JACK (Midlands). — "The meals you get in the Army are not usually very interesting." We used to be very interested in ours, spending hours discussing what could have been in the stew.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Yes, indeed, there was a day when it didn't rain here—in 1898, it was!"

Side-Slips

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"... who was found DYING dead on the stairs ..."

EVENING DESPATCH:—"... on a charge of driving an Army TRUNK carelessly."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"... who are showing a variety of new ways of using DIED egg."

WEST SUSSEX COUNTY TIMES:—"After feeling her PURSE and questioning her as to her employment ..."

MARKET HARBOROUGH ADVERTISER AND MIDLAND MAIL: "... seventy guests were entertained by the bride's PRESENTS."

PARK DRIVE
for pleasure

manufactured by GALLAHER LIMITED

"Well worth fighter protection"

From the Service Messes to the bright spots of Mayfair, everybody's on reconnaissance after Maldano nowadays! Smart strategy is therefore needed to locate a bottle of these super cocktails. But it's worth trying and — here's luck!

Maldano cocktails

GREATEST OF THESE

● Have you ever known what it means to be almost blind? Have you ever had eye operations—which are apt to be particularly painful?

If so, and even if you haven't, you'll sympathise with Mr. Sidney Miller, an ex-Serviceman who lives at Atherstone in Warwickshire.

He has had three operations and will have to have three more. His vision is so limited that he cannot go out alone; one of the children has to accompany him.

Sidney—aged 12

There are three children between the ages of six and twelve. There is a daughter of twenty-three who has had to give up her job in order to nurse her mother, who will have to undergo an operation when she is strong enough.

It's expensive nowadays to keep growing children and to provide the special food which a sick woman needs. Why, it even costs Mr. Miller 7s. 4d. to attend hospital every week.

And that's a lot when your income is only 22s. 6d.—from which rent of 12s. 6d. and insurance of 5s. has to be paid.

Sympathy, like patriotism, is not enough. So will you enable us to help Mr. Miller and others whose plight is no less grievous?

Please send a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." All donations are pooled and allocated equitably among the deserving cases on our books.

We'll gladly send an acknowledgment and, on request, a copy of the current week's subscriptions. All administrative costs are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

£100 plus Radio—"Bullets" 1,
E. C. Britt, 21, Shirley Ave., Wh
Weed, Reading, for this "Bull

VICTORY'S IN SIGHT, BUT YOU CAN'T FREE-WHEEL UP

£10: S. C. Dennett, 6 H.M. Coast... Fishguard, Pembs.

Good Neighbour—Keeps Secrets—... Secretly.

£5: L. G. Boyd, 48, Rose Lane, H... Slack, Preston.

Taking No Risks—Mostly—... Churchill Hatless!

£4: H. Newcombe, 85, Seabourne Pl., Bourn... Victory's In Sight, But—Let Peep Insure

£3: T. J. Mooney, 14, Picton Rd., Cardif... It's Sunday, So—Martin's "Prowling"—... Wandering.

£2: H. Sprachlen, 23, Winchelsea Ave., Bexley H... Warner Winston—That "Fighter's ... Valuated!

£75 for 4 LETTERS

6 Prizes of 30s.:

W. Bryson, 86, Coatbridge Rd., Glenmavis. It's Sunday, So—Pictures Forbidden—... Golfing!

E. S. Jones, 42, Talbot Ave., Kingswood. Not Half Enough—The Englishmen Aussie's ...

G. M. Norman, 51, Magdalen Rd., St. Leon... Son.

Sonny's Glum—So's Water—But Food—!

M. R. Reay, Sandford Inn, Cheltenham. In At The Death—Demanding "Peaceful Life."

Mrs. Stansfield, Bells Brae, Edinburgh, ... In At The Death—With "Never Say Die!"

G. A. Wilson, 1033, Dumbarton Rd., Glasgow... Taking No Risks—Hitler Has Cancel Tested!

A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes can be ... these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been ...

£75 WON OUTRIGHT

In Contest No. 182 most meritorious entry ... decided by Adjudication Committee ... be that ... the 4 KEY LETTERS in order B... E... R... by ONE competitor only, who thus wins £75 ... outright.

£75 WINNER:—

G. RHODES,
12, KENSINGTON RD.,
BLACKPOOL.

Awards value £38 shared between 94 entrants ... FIRST THREE letters in order above 2nd Row ... Awards for 318 entrants with FIRST TWO ...

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE"

The COAL, GAS and ELECTRICITY you save help to build Merchant Ships
NOTE: A gas fire or electric oven uses 5lbs. of coal in 2 hours

We must SAVE FUEL for Battle!

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

FROM DEADLY DIPHTHERIA

Give your child immunised against this dreadful scourge which attacks 50,000 children yearly in Great Britain and causes between 2,000 and 3,000 deaths. Immunisation is a proved protection. It involves merely two or three SAFE and simple treatments which are available to you free through your Council Office, School or Welfare Centre. Don't delay—act at once.

A CHILDREN'S DOCTOR AT GUY'S HOSPITAL says:—

Defeat it by Immunisation

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education

8/43

Ah! THAT'S Stopped my HEADACHE!

Well! I'll never be without Beecham's Powders in future. they certainly are quick-acting and reliable in results. The Pain has entirely gone already and I feel full of energy again! And you say they are also good for Colds and Chills, Neuralgia, Nerve and Rheumatic Pains? As a general pick-me-up they are grand! No wonder they are so popular!

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d. each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

FAMEL conquers COUGHS

Don't neglect that cough. The supply position of Famel Syrup is not too bad this season. Regular users who *can't get on without it* should consult their Chemist about arrangements for the winter.

FAMEL SYRUP
Brand

CAPENSIS GUARANTEED 100% PURE EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock

Maximum Controlled Price 8½d. per roll

INCREASED PRIZE-MONEY for 4 LETTERS!

WHO'S NEXT FOR A BIG "LAUGH-LINES" CHEQUE? FROM the Laugh-Lines result on page 14, you will see that a John Bull reader collects this week a cheque for £75 cash—all for just spending a few minutes on the absorbing job of filling up a coupon like yours below!

You have only to give FOUR KEY LETTERS as instructed on coupon and, provided you post it not later than Monday, February 21, you may soon be congratulating yourself on a £75 reward for 4 letters only.

£100 PRIZE MONEY £75 FIRST PRIZE 1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Record Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Stingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Not Strong Enough—Clothes-line, For Auntie's "Flimsies"!
B. Queer Fish—Rattling in Dad's Basket!
C. On His Knees—Bridegroom—So *Heels* Knocking.
D. Shot Down—Duck—Flew Over Berchtesgaden!
E. Out Of The Frying-pan—Tenderly, Reverently, Lifting Egg!
F. Unchanged—My Husband—"Fire Watcher"!
H. Postponed—"Lubrication"—Sideboard Hinge Creaked!
J. Lend A Hand And—Nobody Believes You're Foreman!
K. A Whopper—"Henry Prefers *Smell* Whisky!"

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COLS BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1st 2nd 3rd 4th

FEE 2d. for 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Mar. 4.

P.O. Value..... No..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, FEB. 21.

Signed .....

Address .....

156

JUMP OVER 340 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. This divisible and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive awarded consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on conditions that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Mar. 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH £25 PLUS RADIO BULLETS DOUBLED 1st. RADIO and CAKES!

OTHER PRIZES £10-£5-£4 £3-£2 £1-5/- 10/- 25 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Mar 3.

AHEAD OF BRITAIN
WORK THAT'S WAITING
FACE OF EUROPE
THE NAZIS ARE LOSING, BUT
UNLESS WE HURRY
BEVIN'S BOYS
BECOMING OLD-FASHIONED
PROSPERITY'S PLUMS
WELL WORTH WHILE

BULLETS 1,416 RESULT appears on page 14

THINK IT OVER AND
LENGTHENS THE WAR
WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY
MADE HIS FORTUNE
BLOODLESS VICTORY
WITHOUT A FUTURE
PANIC-STRICKEN
IN OUR KITCHENETTE
FATHER'S COUPONS
SIMPLY KILLING
OPTIMIST v. PESSIMIST

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

MAN WHO CAN.....
FREEDOM OF.....
LISTENING TO.....
A LOVELY.....
UP TO THE.....
FORGET YOUR..... AND

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Mar. 4. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, FEB. 21
1,414

Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,414—or "Laugh-Lines" 156, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

They cut me off . . .

but, as I was saying, the best tobacco I know is FOUR SQUARE. Thank goodness they haven't rationed *that* as well as advertisement space. It's still made of pure leaf, matured and mellowed in the wood—no artificial scent or flavouring and a guarantee in every tin or packet. Six blends to choose from . . . . . What's that you say? You're smoking it too and you know. Good man!

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

YOUR IRON

may save his life

Victorious — and *safe*, thanks to the protective armour with which his plane is fitted. The more scrap-iron you salvage, the better protected will every airman be. Give *your* IRON to save *his* life.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining IRON 'JELLOIDS' *which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax*

This we Fight For

—for the right to leisure and recreation, first of Co-operation's aims is to secure peace, content and freedom from anxiety for those no longer so active in affairs. It is an aim that has been pursued with success for a hundred years.

Issued by the

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LIMITED

GM 1657P

Softens THE TOUGHEST BEARD

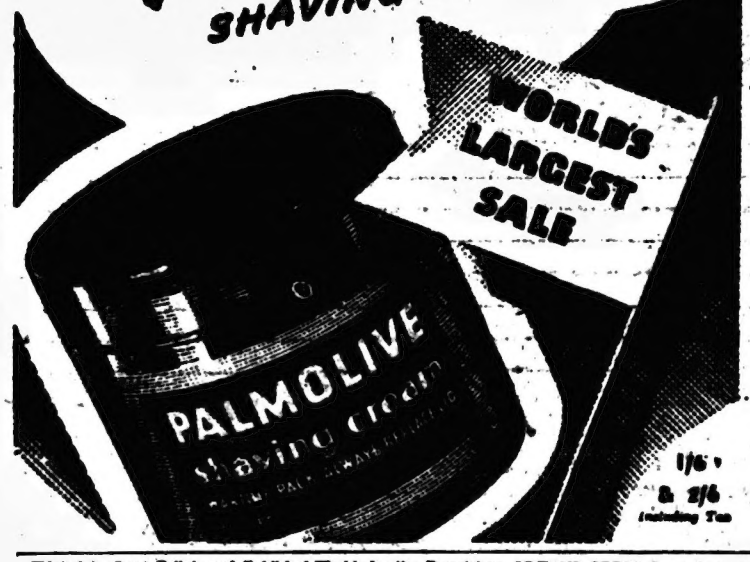
Smooths THE PATH OF ANY RAZOR

Soothes THE TENDEREST SKIN

—THE CREAMIER, LONGER-LASTING LATHER OF

Palmolive

SHAVING CREAM



1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

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